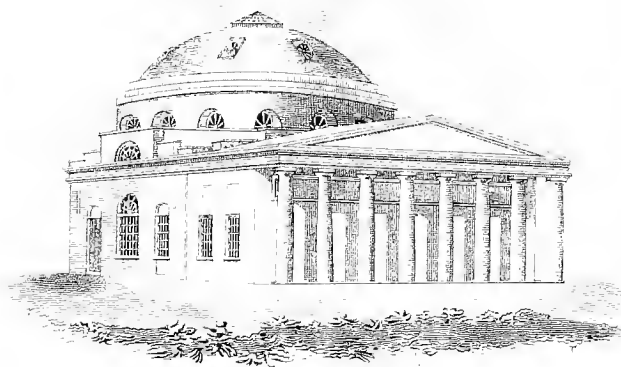


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The

1915

Vol. IX.

CLINIC.

COLLEGE
of
PHYSICIANS
&
SURGEONS,
of
BALTIMORE,
MD.



Haggett

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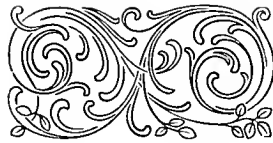


Mercy Hospital
Accident
Department

College Building

Mercy
Hospital

Recent Addition to
Mercy Hospital



DEDICATION

TO

Alexius McGlannan, A.M., M.D., F.A.C.S.

Clinical Professor of Surgery and Surgical Pathology
at the College of Physicians and Surgeons

Do we dedicate this volume

===== **The Clinic of 1915** =====

As a token of the deep admiration and respect which we hold for him
as a Teacher, as a Surgeon, as a Man

Board of Editors



Alexius McGlannan

A.M., M.D., F.A.C.S.

Residence

114 West Franklin Street
Baltimore, Maryland



Graduated from the College of Physicians
and Surgeons, 1895

Clinical Professor of Surgery
College of Physicians and Surgeons

Surgeon, Mercy Hospital and St. Agnes' Hospital



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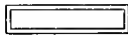
Foreword

The Gods of old, who dwelt on Mount Olympus,
Sent down their greetings to mankind below ;
Not loathe to give him of their wealth of wisdom,
Such part, as did themselves sagacious show.

So now, ensconced in our lofty station,
Our greetings we would have conveyed to you ;
Soliciting your kind appreciation,
For all the things that we have tried to do.

Now gentle reader, look not with disfavor,
On this the child of our endeavors fair ;
But gently bring it to complete fruition,
And know with us the joy that Sages share.

Board of Editors.





Contributors to the Clinic

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McLEAN, '16	BECK, '16
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CLASS HISTORIANS

ART

BAGGOTT, '16	McCLINTOCK, '17
BLOOM, 17	O'NEILL, 6

To the Fellow Who'll Take My Place

Here is a toast I want to drink to the fellow I'll never know,
To the fellow who's going to take my place, when it's time for me to go,
I've wondered what kind of a chap he'll be, and I've wished I could take his
hand.

Just to whisper, "I wish you well, old man," in a way he'd understand.
I would like to give him the cheering word, that I have longed to hear,
I would like to give him the long hand clasp, when never a friend seems near,
I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard work, and I wish I could pass it on,
To the fellow who'll come to take my place, some day, when I am gone.
Will he see all the sad mistakes I've made, and note all the battles lost?
Will he ever guess of the tears they made, or the heart-aches they have cost?
Will he gaze through the failures and fruitless toils, to the underlying plan,
And catch a glimpse of the real intent, and the heart of the vanquished man?
I dare to hope he may pause some day as he toils as I have wrought,
And gain some strength for his weary task from the battles which I have
fought.

But I've only the task itself to leave, with the cares for him to face,
And never a cheering word may speak, to the fellow who'll take my place.
Then, here's to your health, old chap; I drink as a groom to his bride.
I leave an unfinished task for you, but God knows how I've tried.
I have dreamed my dreams as all men do, but never a one came true,
And my prayer today, is that all the dreams, may be realized by you.
We will meet some day in the great unknown—out in the realms of space,
You will know my clasp as I take your hand, and gaze in your tired face.
Then all your failures will be success, in the light of the new found dawn—
So I'm drinking your health, old chap, who'll take my place when I'm gone.

M. C.



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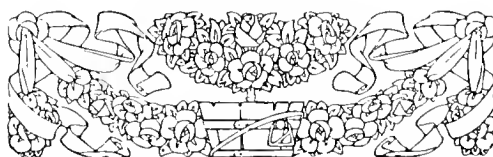
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--------------------	---------------------



DR. THOMAS OPIE

In Memoriam

 R. THOMAS OPIE was born in Jefferson County, Va., on February 15th, 1840, and died October 6th, 1914, in the City of Washington.

Dr. Opie's early education was received at the University of Virginia. From there he went to the University of Pennsylvania and graduated as Doctor of Medicine in 1861. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he cast his lot with the Confederate States and entered active service as a private soldier. In this capacity, he served until 1862 when he was appointed to the medical department, where he continued to serve until the close of the war in 1865. He then came to Baltimore, and in 1872, the time was ripe for the successful launching of a new medical college, and in August of that year the original Faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons was announced, with Thomas Opie, M.D., Dean and Professor of Obstetrics.

To this institution Dr. Opie devoted his best energies, which resulted in a most delightful success.

In 1873 Dean Opie established the Maryland Lying-in Asylum, the first institution of its kind south of the Mason-Dixon Line, to which was devoted entirely the teaching of obstetrical art.

In 1878 we find the Dean and his colleagues busily engaged in the acquisition of the property of the Washington University.

In 1886 Dr. A. F. Erich, then Professor of Gynecology, died suddenly and Dr. Opie was transferred to this department, which chair he filled up to the time of his resignation.

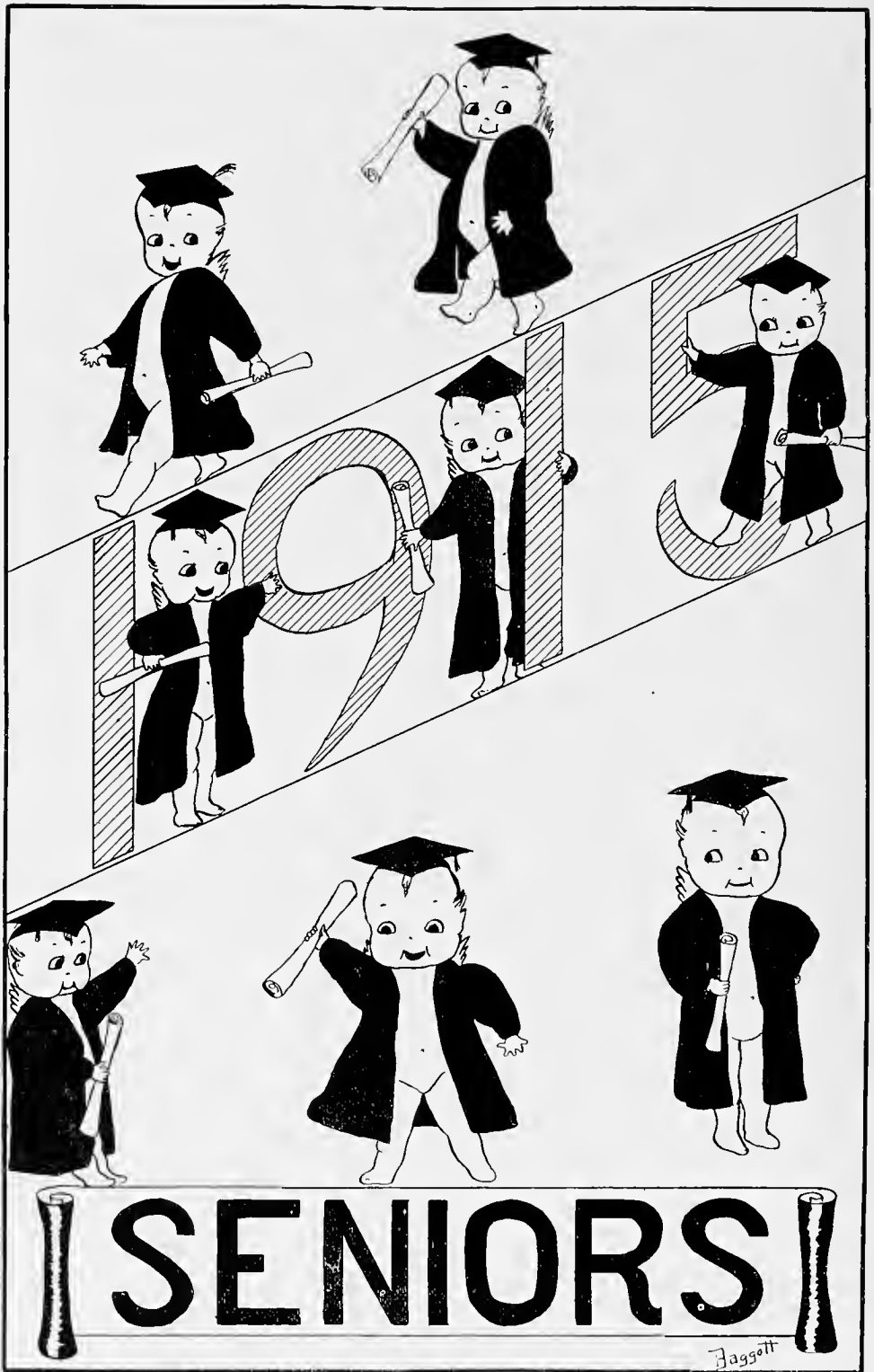
In 1888 the Sisters of Mercy erected a new hospital with a capacity of one hundred and fifty beds. As the work of the hospital progressed, Dr. Opie found it necessary to improve the college facilities and in 1899 the new college building was erected.

In 1905, failing health and increasing years caused him to resign as dean and also from the chair of gynecology.

That Dr. Opie was a most efficient dean is attested by the fact that he continued to hold this office unchallenged during the period of thirty-three years, during which time the college enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity and continuously advanced in honor and dignity. Dr. Opie was well known and liked by everyone, who will continue to hold him in grateful remembrances for his many acts of kindness both within and without his sphere of official duties.

It may also be said that he was tender and true to mankind, never shrinking from the side of a distressed patient nor withholding a helping hand; and now that he has passed into the realm of eternal happiness, we rest assured that his many pupils and friends will always delight in honoring his name.

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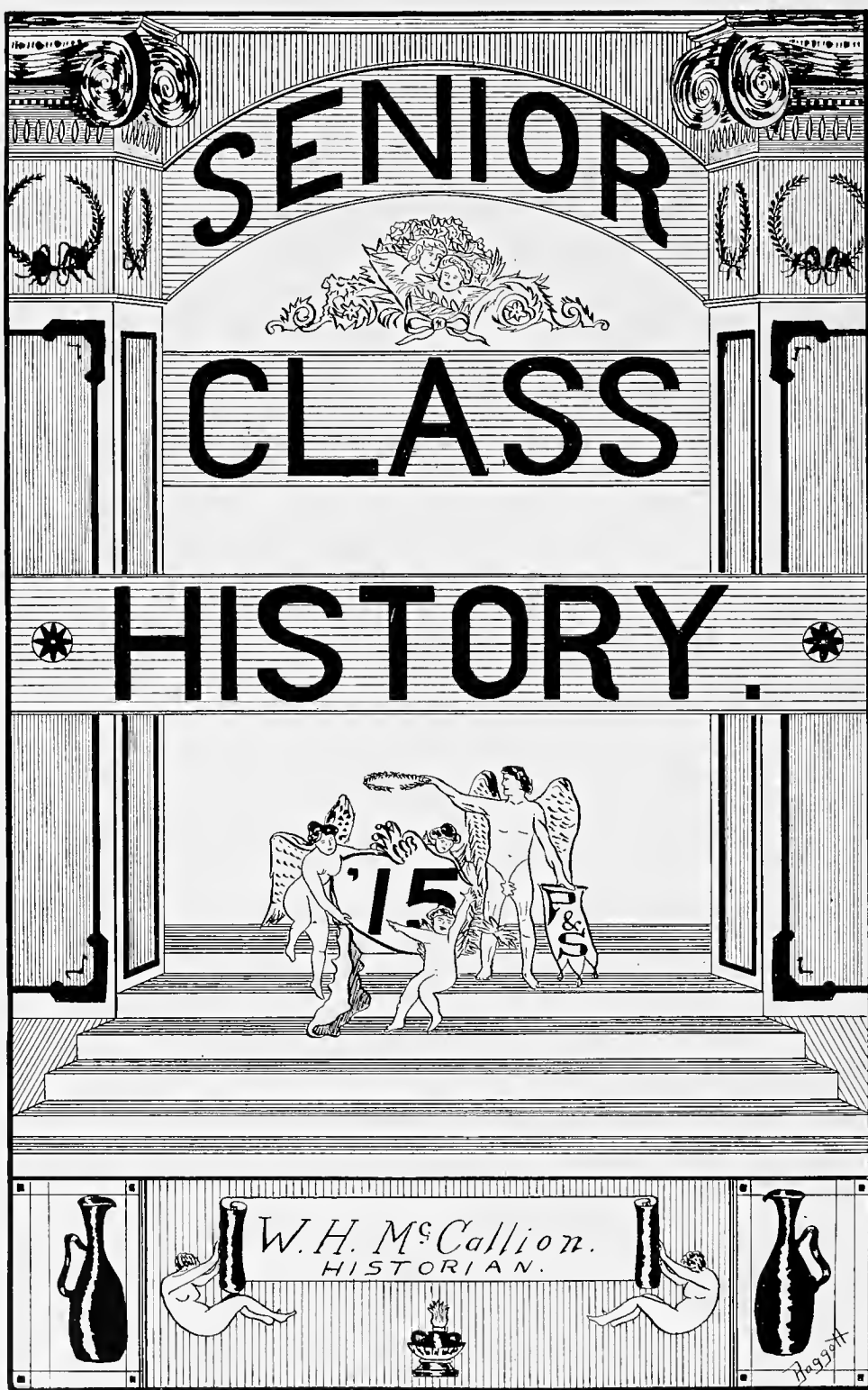
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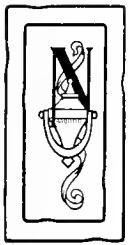
JOSE S. ARRACHE

ANTONIO FERNOS

H. D. LAW



Senior Class History



NINETY-EIGHT. That was the force which our class marshalled into the hitherto unknown mysteries of college life in October, 1911. This number was made up of undignified, reserved country rustics and disdainful city high-school graduates along with all intervening castes represented. And if by good fortune anyone had happened to be on the steps of the P. & S. on the first of October of 1911, he would have seen among the ninety-eight numerous peculiar human beings, some with a look of longing for home and mother, others with a look of full enjoyment of their surroundings, all of whom were dubbed with the verdant name of "Freshmen." But the barriers of caste and lack of acquaintance began to crumble away when, for the first time, we assembled in Room 25 to elect officers for the class.

At the meeting J. Conarton was chosen to serve his half organized class in the capacity of temporary president. A few weeks later permanent organization was effected, this time with the former temporary president as our permanent leader. Our President's ideal was an organization for unity—and he reigned with his desire—for the class acted as one in all matters. While Conarton was president he did more, perhaps, than any other one man to effect harmony both in the class and between classes.

Our Sophomore year was led by H. H. Johnson as President. Johnson asked for unity—also: and if space would permit us to relate the many important events of our second year—one would plainly see that all pulled together after voting to do a thing. As Freshmen we were fresh, and as Sophomores we wore the lordly air of sophistication so dear to the hearts of all Sophomores. Although we lost a few members—our class was still very large. To the new faces that joined us we extended a welcome hand.

When we returned as Juniors we dropped the lordly air of the Sophomore year—threw aside childish things and assumed the dignity and courtliness of Juniors. We did this at the suggestion of our newly elected President, Andrew Jackson. He said it would ill become us to take part in the frivolous tricks which, as Sophomores and Freshmen, were now beneath us. Our Junior year was filled with as many important events as the previous year—and the "Old Steam Roller" went rolling on.

As Seniors we elected R. McKenzie to the office of President. Immediately after his election he spoke of his ideal—that of co-operation with the Faculty for the betterment of the College. All pledged themselves to assist the President in carrying out his ideal, and every man has done his part.

We have now run the gauntlet. The goal looms in view. We have fought a good fight always, and have kept the faith. The responsibilities, which must inevitably accompany the distinction of superior training, are awaiting us—knocking at the door. We have been boys together, now we emerge as men to separate.



JOHN R. ANDERSON,

Fairview, Utah.

"Hails" from Utah. He was sent East to show what a Western student could do; also to get our ideas upon pathological conditions. He is accomplishing his duties in a very satisfactory manner. His specialty is Gynecology, but we believe he will make good in anything he undertakes.



J. ARRACHE,

Porto Rico.

First Vice-President, 1913-'14.
Executive Committee, 1914-'15.

From the B. M. C., which he left at the end of his first year, came this Porto Rican youth, and so well has he adapted himself to his environment that few of us now remember anything about his previous college connections.

He is calm and dignified and always takes a first row seat both in lectures and quizzes. He expects to be a surgeon (with a capital "S"). We wish him success.





WILLIAM H. BASH,

Φ B Π

New Cumberland, W. Va.

He isn't bashful, but rather Bash filled; for he is our variety man. He is strong for the ladies; is a linguist of some note; has pugilistic inclinations; and a dispenser of rabbit serum.

"Bill" says he is going back to West Virginia and show 'em how to do things.



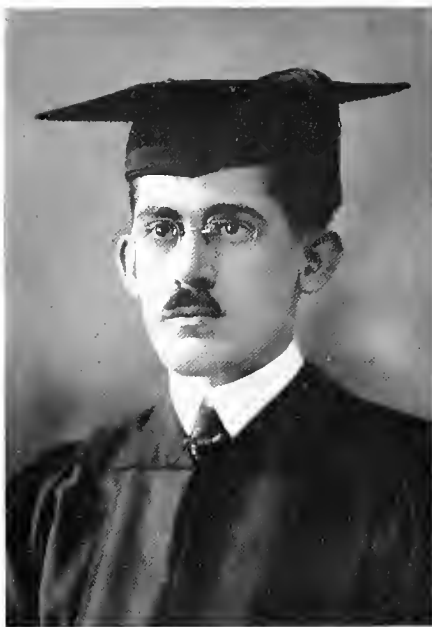
ROBERT H. BRESLIN, "Bob,"

Providence, R. I.

Before coming to us "Bob" sailed the high seas. He brought with him the fighting spirit which characterizes our seamen; and he is fighting it to a victory. "Bob" is quite dignified; quiet and a thoroughly good fellow. He is a good student and some day he will be a celebrated surgeon.

"Bob" has the best wishes of his classmates.





W. B. BERRIOS,

Porto Rico.

Second Vice-President, 1914-'15.

"We are two," said he once, and so has he had to keep a-saying to the great amusement of the whole class. For his only troubles in college have been the dilemma between Berrios when preceded by "W. B." and the same old honored name when following "V. C." He is a hard worker and we hope successful too, in the near future.



V. C. BERRIOS,

Porto Rico.

Here is the other one, or "Berrios Again." He always lets "W. B." do the explaining, for he is quiet and speaks as little as possible, believing little in words and much in work. Success with him would not be luck but natural compensation.





A. E. CALLAGHAN,

West Virginia.

Built on long and willowy lines, Brother "Cal" comes from the hills of West Virginia. His appearance of ministerial solemnity is but a cloak for his good fellowship; his cynical philosophy fails to conceal his bigness of heart. His dry witticisms have made him famous. An excellent student—success awaits him.

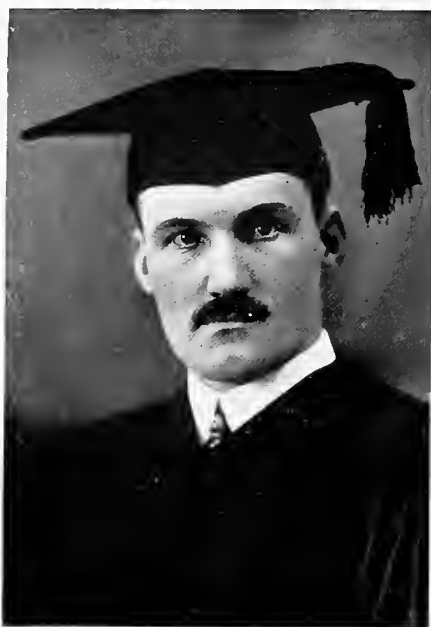


LINNIE H. CARSON,

New Jersey.

The little State of New Jersey has two things in particular to be proud of; one being its mosquitoes, the other Linnie H. Carson. We have known this gentleman for two years, and during that time he has been strictly on the job. Always in a good humor, and possessing more than the average amount of knowledge medically. He is also very popular in society, and we cannot imagine how the young ladies will ever give him up, but we suppose they will have to (most of them do, much against their will).





JOSEPH CONARTON,

X Z X

Pennsylvania.

"Joe" became dissatisfied with teaching, and so gave it up and came to the P. & S. to be taught some real good stuff. A fine fellow and a thorough classman, not only in standing, but in spirit. If "Joe" kept order in his "Little Red School House" like he keeps the fair ones guessing, we can say he did his work well. He has the good wishes of the class.



PRINCE COOPER,

West Virginia.

He looks like Samson.

Did he ever meet Delilah?

A man of mighty effort—may he yet realize the fruits of his labors.





L. L. CRAMER,

X Z X

Pennsylvania.

Great energy and an abundance of unassumed dignity make "Lemon" a pleasing character about the School. His ability as a rag-time player, coupled with the fact that he is a good student and the possessor of other innumerable pleasing characteristics, have made him popular with his classmen.



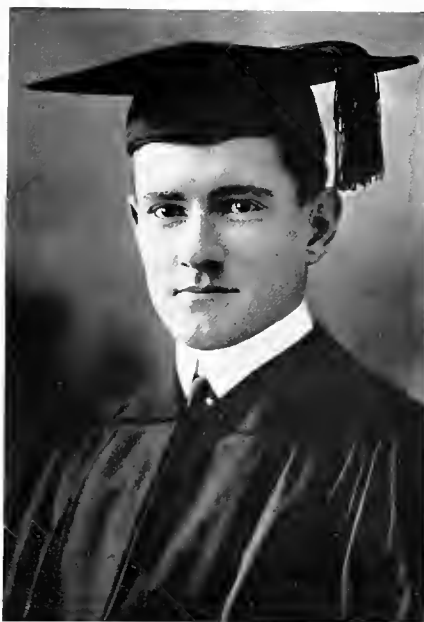
S. A. DE MARTINI,

Φ X

Washington.

Affectionately known as "Cocky," from the cock-tail named after him. From the land of the setting sun, he comes to us as a conscientious student, and one who thinks deeply along original lines of the philosophy of life. But it is as the good comrade and loyal friend that he will live in the memory of all who knew him.





LEON KENDALL FARGO,

X Z X

Maryland.

We are unwilling to speak of this spirited young man, because of the fear that he will get "swell-headed" about it. However, we can say "Sparks" is a fellow of many developments and equally as many undeveloped possibilities. One sees him always about the School, anxious for quizzes, examinations, and a "chew," all of which he gets—and handles well, especially the chew. We could say a great many things about Leon, but space does not permit it. When he has been practicing a few years, we shall hear of him, we feel quite sure.



ANTONIO FERNOS,

Porto Rico.

He was a member of the 1914 CLINIC, besides he has been a class officer. He is intelligent and extremely fond of discussing Mexican affairs. He will practice in his native town, on which account, we congratulate the inhabitants thereof.





EDWARD E. FITZPATRICK,

X Z X

Rhode Island.

"Fitz" is a stern advocate of "The Square Deal," and this is not only his belief but his practice.

He is a hundred-per-cent. man, a friend to all, and possesses ability that will later manifest itself and bring him his just rewards.



THOS. K. GALVIN,

X Z X

Maryland.

One glance at his picture, disclosing such a noble countenance, will readily convince one that he is gazing on a personage of no mean ability. A hard worker and a friend to all, "Tom" is justly popular with the class.





H. E. GARDENER,

Φ X

Massachusetts.

One whose love of an argument might lead us to believe him of Celtic origin, were it not for the fact that his numerous good old Yankee traits proclaim him from the land of the Pilgrims.

Enthusiastic, reliable, versatile, no matter what the occasion—work, jolly good fellowship, or battle—he can always be counted on to be “there,” first, last and all the time.

A good practical student, no one doubts but that true success will be his.



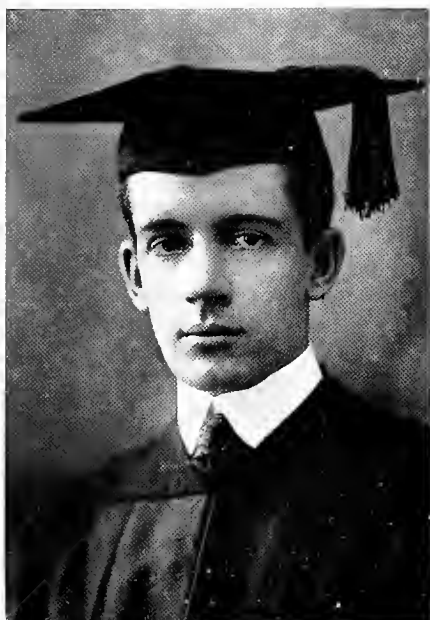
L. F. GONZALES,

Porto Rico.

His pulchritude and distinction have won for him general recognition in the class. He is one of the best liked Porto Ricans in the Colony.

As to work and knowledge he was never found wanting. If in the future, he shows the same spirit of endeavor as in the past, then we see bright days ahead of him.





FRED E. GOTT,

Φ Β Π

Hinton, W. Va.

Here we have one of the most brilliant examples of that noble state of West Virginia. After having attained notable scholastic honors at the University of West Virginia, he immediately wended his way Baltimoreward in search of new worlds to conquer. We predict a most successful future for this very capable young man, and hereby warn his brother (who is an undertaker), to keep out of "Sammy's" territory.

His father will never regret the money he spent on "Sammy."



WM. O. HEARN, "Bill,"

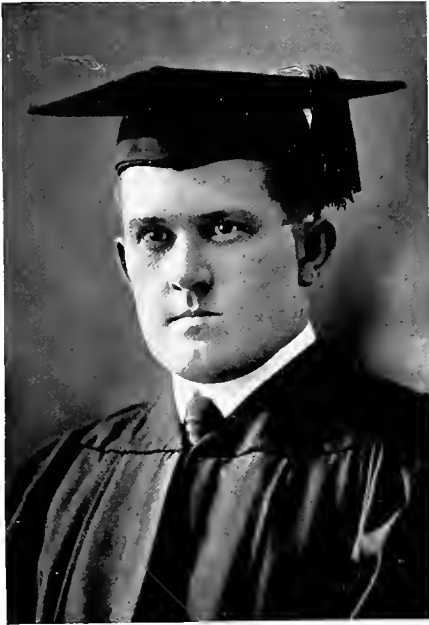
K Ψ

Bluefield, W. Va.

Attention: As we gaze upon the accompanying photo we do not have to stretch our imagination to note the striking resemblance to one Julius Caius Cæsar, B.C. 100-44. We do not recall just what Cæsar ever did, but we wager that "Bill" could have done it as well. Also call your attention to the fact that he knows more concerning the Prohibition Laws of West Virginia than any other man, and can put up the best argument in favor of it, especially when he has been "re-inforced."

West Virginia University will some day be proud of having turned out such a student. The class has always accepted "Bill's" opinions, and never adjourns unless he puts the motion.





COLIN M. HOLMES,

Massachusetts.

We don't know exactly the relationship between Colin and "Sherlock," but judging from the thoroughness of each, that relationship is very close. The Eye and Ear Department seems to be his chief attraction and his success in this branch is assured.

A very quiet, studious fellow, who attends closely to business and seems to have his future well planned.



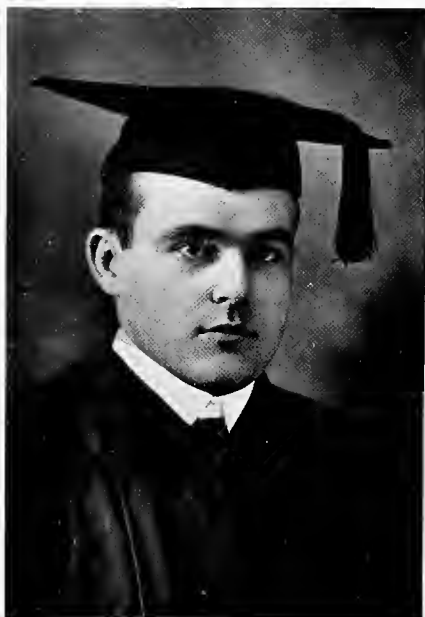
ANDREW J. JACKSON,

X Z X

Massachusetts.

"Andrew" is a worthy representative of the "Great Bay" State of which we hear so much. "Jack" has received a great endowment of the spirit that characterizes the folks coming from Bunker Hill. "Jack" has a grudge against none, a good word for all, and little to say. As Junior class President, he pleased all. "Jack" takes with him the best wishes of all the School.





H. H. JOHNSON,

Φ X

Massachusetts.

This is H. H. Johnson—the “King of the Swedes.” Fat, hale, handsome, big-hearted, as such he lives in the minds and hearts of his friends. His entrance into the class-room is the signal for activity—mostly vocal—and his Caruso-like voice makes the halls resound with melody. If he enjoys the same popularity with his patients as with his classmates then his success is assured.

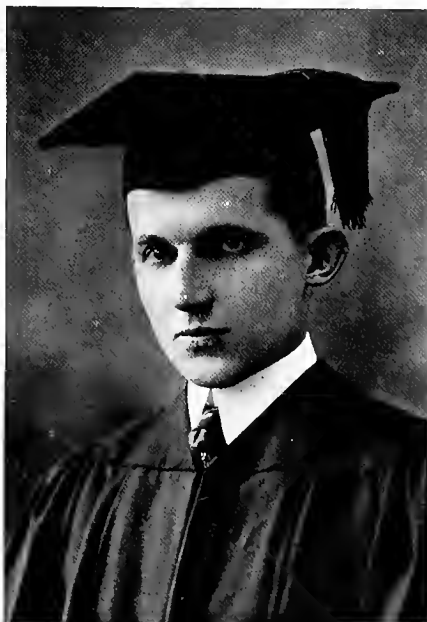


FRANCIS X. KEARNEY.

X Z X

Maryland.

“Xavier” is a familiar figure around the School. His ability was discovered soon by Dr. Simon, who immediately persuaded him to take the responsible position of arranging his apparatus for his lectures. While “Kearney” erred a few times in the way of handing out a test tube for a piece of pipe—still he held the job down in admirable shape. He is a good fellow, an excellent student, and a promising member of the class.





THOS. ALLAN LAMB,

Virginia.

To know Lamb is to like him. He hails from the South and has been with us since the Junior year, and we are proud of him. To find him in bad humor is impossible. He never claims to be in love, but somehow we fear he is.

"Tom" will make good in his chosen profession.



MILFORD LEVY,

Φ Δ Ε

Florida.

This hard working native of the State of Florida will at last reach, and deservedly so, the goal for which we have all been striving, for four long years. His industry is his best recommendation. Florida will not regret his acquisition.





BASIL LINGER,

X Z X

French Creek, W. Va.

Basil deserted us when he became a benedict in his second year. This act indicates his bravery and he has demonstrated the same spirit throughout his course. Linger says little, but when he talks, it means much. "Sticking up" for his own State is his strong point.

The best wishes of the whole class go to "Basil" with his departing for the "Hills."



J. B. LOHAN,

Φ B Π

West Virginia.

He is more fortunate in the matrimonial line than most of us. His motto is "Work and Smile."

Lohan is a good student and has only one fault, that is, lack of power in handling that extraneous vocabulary which predominates in our class rooms.





CURTIS L. LYON,

Φ B Π

West Virginia.

The noisiest man in the class would naturally be expected in Lyon, if you know him by name only, but when you know him real well one does not mind the noise so much. It is always exceeded by his pleasant smile, which will not rub. Lyon is a conscientious student, a hard worker and always ready to lend a hand and give fatherly advice when called upon.

He is President of the "Heavy Weight Club."



VERNON L. MAHONEY,

X Z X

Maryland.

We call him "Babe," because he is our youngest member. We were surprised to find him one of us in our first year, and our surprise turned to delight, for, outside of being our "Babe," he is one of the popular and good fellows. "Babe's" youth will do him no harm, for we are sure of his success. We all wish Mahoney the best.





W. H. McCALLION,

X Z X

New Jersey.

Known as "Maka." Oh for an adequate eloquence to depict thee as thou art! Official comedian excentrique, his clarion call of "pull down the prophylatic foot," will echo in the halls of posterity. Unfortunate, indeed, it is that it was not given to many the pleasure of sounding the depths of this strange mortal, whose clear insight into the vital issues of life, power of deep thought and love of all that is best and beautiful in literature, would prove a true revelation. A bright future is assured him.

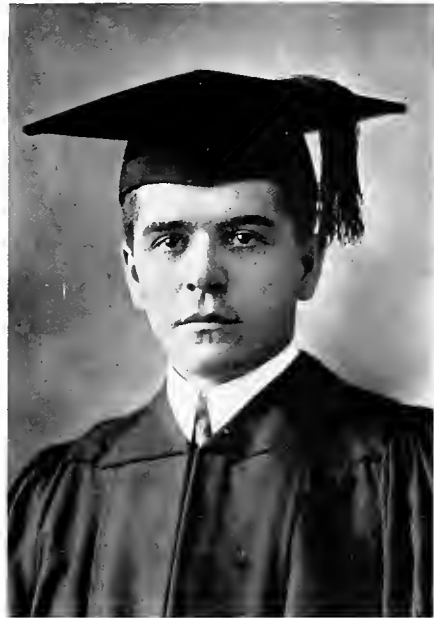


ALVIN McCLUNG,

Φ X

West Virginia.

Tall, handsome, dignified, courteous—"Mac" is the picture of the Southern gentleman. Brilliant intellectually, a staunch friend, sociable—his friends are legion, his enemies none. A brilliant future is the prediction and sincere wish of the entire class.





W. RAYMOND MCKENZIE,

Φ X

Houtzdale, Pa.

Hoot mon! 'Tis the Scot!

The prince of good fellows, universally known and as universally liked. As the business man of the class, he has ever been prominent in all of its activities. A student of unusual ability and a clear thinker, his future is assured. As a friend, many times and often has he been tried and never found lacking.



L. I. MILLER,

Φ X

Maryland.

Built on ample lines, sunny in disposition, he has made a host of friends. He is noted for his tendency to "dawg gone" upon the slightest provocation, and for the ease and readiness with which he passes into the realms of Morpheus, when occasion arises. A fine fellow and a hard worker, he has the best wishes of his many friends for a most successful career.





T. H. MORRISON,

Maryland.

"Tommy," the "Boy-with-the-Smile," has been with us for four years now, and the longer we know him the better we like him. Always quiet and unassuming, he has endeared himself to all of his classmates.

He came to us from Baltimore Polytechnic, and impressed the class first by his intimate knowledge of chemistry, but since then he has handled all other subjects with just as much credit to himself. He likes to be complimented on his anæsthetics.



J. J. NOGUERAS, "*Juan*,"

Porto Rico,

First Vice-President, 1912-'13.

Sergeant-at-Arms, 1914-'15.

"Juan" is everybody's friend. Good-natured, talkative and gay, he is the most popular of the Porto Rican Colony.

Our personal class relations with him keeps us from going any further into his eulogy, but may it suffice to say that we have not begun to talk. And that should speak volumes.





R. S. PECK,

K Ψ

West Virginia.

"Bob" Peck comes from Hinton, W. Va. It must be a good town, to produce such a husky lad.

His specialty apparently is medicine, but his qualities and capabilities are such as would ensure his success in other walks of life.

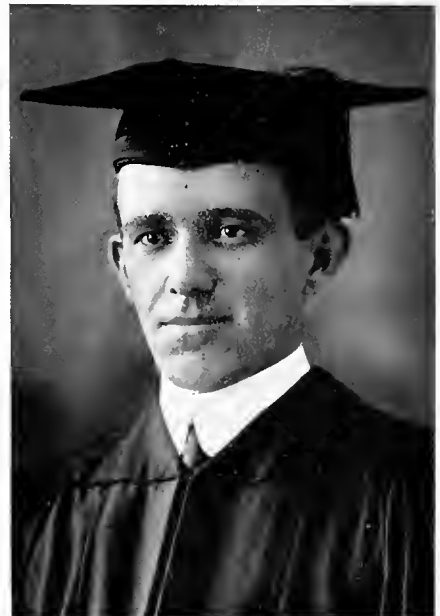


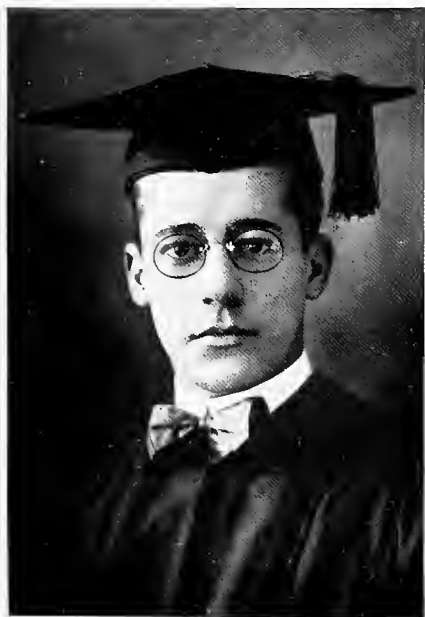
H. G. PERRY, "*Commodore*,"

X Z X

North Carolina.

"Commodore" represents the grand old State of North Carolina. She did well in sending Perry to us, for his personality, character and ability are all excellent; they have won for him the esteem of the whole class. All wish him well.





G. PESQUERA, "*Pisky*,"

Porto Rico.

Etiology—From San Juan, P. R.

Complaint—None: everything O. K.

Diagnosis—A pathognomonic sign of his presence is De Martini, for "*Pisky*" and "*Gaggy*" are almost twins.

Prognosis—May it be as it looks: it looks very good.



E. C. PURCELL,

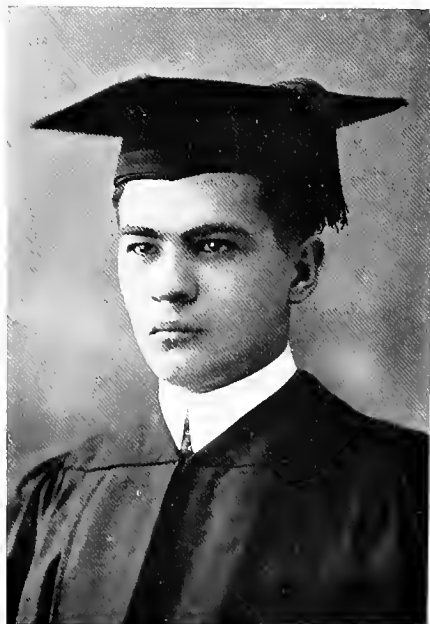
Porto Rico.

Literary Editor CLINIC, 1913-'14.

He insists in being called Purcell, but sometimes and without warning he is called "*Castor*." This never failed to elicit from him a rectification.

He has won a reputation as a good student, and deservedly so.

May he reach the top of the ladder.





MILLARD L. RAEMORE,

Φ B Π

Pennsylvania.

Popularly known as "Handsome." He is a member of the "Beef Trust," and for some time has been utility man or pinch hitter at St. Luke's.

While teaching a little school in Pennsylvania, the thought occurred to him that he might make a success in medicine; as a result he has been ploughing through medical books for the last four years. His hobby is surgery, and if hard work and dignity counts for anything, his success is assured.



OSCAR W. RENZ,

Erie, Pa.

The pride of Erie, has searched three States for knowledge and has discovered an abundance of it. Always ready to learn something new and usually makes good use of it. Since he has become a benedict he has taken on an air of self-confidence that is really enviable. By far the biggest little man in the College.





H. L. ROGERS,

X Z X

Virginia.

Rogers has won his way to fame and distinction—at least as far as we are concerned—on the baseball diamond and we gratefully accredit him with the ability of putting “shoots” and “twists” on the ball hitherto unknown to the art.

In his school work we have always found him eager for knowledge. We all have confidence in his ability and wish him well.



E. P. SCHLAUN,

Maryland.

Schaun came to us from the University of Maryland to share with us the good things of our Senior year. He belongs to the heavy-weight class. His general rotundity of body and cheerfulness of countenance are a fair index of his sunny disposition. Always cheerful, reliable, confident, we feel that success will inevitably be his.





W. C. SPALDING,

X Z X

Texas.

This modest, unassuming, young man hails from the State of "Steers." He migrated from home to Baltimore, and after some preparatory work, joined us in our Freshman year. He has always remained the same; has a smile for all, an uncharitable word for none. He travels in society unusual for a medical student, and does the same there as at School—gets by in fine style.



CHARLES C. SPANGLER,

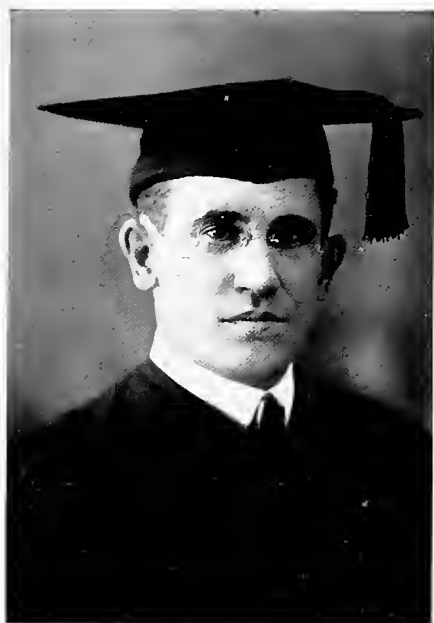
Φ X

Pennsylvania.

Rotund of body, cherubic of countenance, our Dutch brother is the picture of jollity—and a jolly good fellow he is.

As founder of the Homewood avenue gang, his name is written large in the hall of fame. A member of the Glee Club, his surpassing tenor is universally conceded to be of silvery sweetness (it has been called by other names). Very popular with his classmates, a good student, and possessing a pleasing personality, we confidently predict that "Spang" will achieve a great success among his Dutch countrymen, in dear old York(?), Pa.





GARRETT E. SPOWLS,

Φ B Π

Pittsburgh, Pa.

He was discovered somewhere in Pennsylvania. We expect him to make a howling success because he will never obligate himself.

Spowls is a general favorite among his classmates and a hard worker.



E. B. STALEY,

Φ X

Pennsylvania.

From the land of perpetual smoke comes friend Staley—but we admit he doesn't look it. From his association with Callaghan he has absorbed a little of the latter's cynicism and is now firmly convinced that things are not what they seem, in medicine. His golden smile doth indeed belie such a spirit and it is said, even hath charms to soothe the savage breast. His "aw, say now, fellows," is proverbial. A good student and a hard worker, this popular Pittsburger has a successful future in store for him.





PAUL B. STEELE,

Φ B Π

Pennsylvania.

"Hello! Is this Mt. Vernon XOX?
Is Dr. Steele in?"

Now what does that mean? To look at poor, innocent Paul, you wouldn't think he would steal, yet he stole the girl's heart and she is calling him to return it (Paul should worry about his telephone calls).

Paul is a modest, attentive student, and comes from Crenshaw, Pa., where the thermometer froze last winter.



H. M. STEWART,

Massachusetts.

"Pete" is certainly one fine fellow. This is generally conceded, especially by the ladies.

He is doing fine work and is so enthusiastic that he has not missed a roll call this year.

We look forward to his success as a physician.





B. H. TADEUSIAK.

Φ X

New Jersey.

The possessor of a most enviable (?) hirsute adornment—more aptly described by some, as simply “awful.” As an apt impersonator of our teachers, he has gladdened many an hour that would otherwise have dragged heavily. A member of the Glee Club, the rumble of his deep bass is known to all. A “Boon” companion, a true friend, active in all Class affairs, as well as an excellent student, we confidently expect that the mosquito State will have just cause to be proud of her son.



JOHN M. THORUP,

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Is he a preacher or just a medical student?

It is hard to say enough about some fellows, but in this case we have so much wealthy material that it is hard to be brief in a write up. To make a long story short, will just call him a quiet, unassuming, conscientious hard working student.





T. G. TICKLE,

K Ψ

Bluefield, W. Va.

Tickle is his name and tickle is his nature. Always speaks highly of everyone, in fact, he can't speak any other way. He sings tenor in the quartet on special occasions.

Another volunteer from the University of West Virginia.

He has considerable hospital experience; and is a splendid practical man.



ISRAEL TRACHTENBURG,

New York.

We have known him as a quiet, hard working student and wish him the success that always comes to conscientious, persevering effort.





F. P. WELTNER,

Φ B II

West Virginia.

"Tubby" heard a lecture once entitled, "Just Ten More Minutes." It has had a wonderful effect on him and makes him exceedingly punctual, in fact, he generally misses his breakfast in order to be on hand at nine o'clock.

"Fred" is Just naturally a specialist: we do not know his particular line, but he is quite proficient in it.

"Dr. Weltner," as the fair ones call him, is quite a ladies' man, but with him it is books and duty first—and then ladies.



R. E. WOODALL,

Φ X

West Virginia.

Also called "Widal." A finished product of West Virginia, and proud of it. An energetic, hard working student of true ability, a good fellow and a loyal friend, Woodall has made for himself a host of friends. It is said that he spends his leisure hours wondering how in the world anyone could possibly want to live anywhere but in West Virginia.

That he will rise high in the ranks of his profession and prove a source of pride to the State of many hills, is universally conceded.



To "The Girl Back Home"

On one of the later pages of this book
Is a drawing of a girl, by McClintock,
Which reminds one of the girl at home,
Who said she would wait; but now he's alone.
I wonder how many more will be compelled to send
The following words to their once dearest friend:

*"I know it is now a little late,
Since you decided to change your fate,
And made the alteration in your life
From maiden fair to that of wife;
But even though a little late,
I feel I must congratulate.
Happiness and every good wish send
To one, so many years my friend.
If care or clouds e'er should arise,
May sunshine soon light up your skies."*

Take this from my heart's inmost net,
His friend of old cannot forget.
To him would say leave naught undone;
Love and guard the prize he has won.

H. W., '16.



HOMER YORK.

VILLARD
HARDING 1915
WILLIAMS



The Girl Back Home

Farewell to Seniors

*Of all sad things, the saddest this:
To say, at last, Goodbye.*



LOOKING up from the obscurity of our position to the transcendent heights to which you have attained, we greet you, Seniors, for the last time. And as our lips form the words of joy that our hearts would have us utter, they quiver not a little because of the deep note of sadness that runs through all. The realization of the loss which we are about to sustain, brings us these commingled sentiments of joy and sorrow. Joyful we are, in the thought that you have reached the goal of your ambition; sad, because even in the hour of your achievement, you must leave us forever. The pleasant recollections of the past and the bright anticipations of the future, lead us to impart to you an expression of our sincere regrets, that the bonds of intimacy must be thus cruelly severed. And even as a mother, when the time of departure of her son has arrived, finds herself too full of love and confidence to offer aught but the brightest words for the future, so do we, in the sincere conviction of your individual qualities and acquirements, entirely discarding all apprehensions for the future, proffer to you an expression of our fondest hopes for your veriest success.

Standing on the threshold of your life's ambition, basking in the pleasant sunshine of your own hopes and aspirations, you need no gentle urging from us to the ready acceptance of the duties which lie before you. The spirit of honest effort and perseverance which has sustained you during the past four years will not now desert you, but will be to you as a source of strength to maintain you on your progressive march toward success.

The bright crown of success awaits you, individually—yes, it invites you! It urges you to unfold and develop the latent powers of your body and the faculties of your soul, that in the resultant harmony you may attain to a maximum of skill and efficiency, such an efficiency as is commensurate with the nobility of your profession, where the skill of your hand should be surpassed by the kindness of your hearts alone.

You have reached that stage in your life's history where the world has taken on new aspects. Heretofore, it may be that you were cast about on the troubled waves of life's varied activities and swept on by an irresistible tide, in which you could not anchor. The world's opinions harassed and goaded you on every side. You were unable to sustain yourself in such a flood. But now, like the stalwart oak of the forest, you have taken root in

the fertile soil of your profession, and are ready to grow and expand. Through the new projector thus afforded you, new and more definite visions have been thrown on the screen of life. To you now, "life is a battle," but more than that—it is a battle against disease. An implacable enmity has developed between you and that devastator of homes and communities. You must fight! And if you would conquer, you must fight hard! For four long years you have been training yourselves for this battle, training your faculties for the detection of the inroads of disease and the means of combating it, and unless you are a traitor to your own intrinsic capabilities and training, you cannot willingly refrain from giving battle to the best of your ability.

Like Cæsar, you have crossed the Rubicon—"the die is cast"—and you must fight.

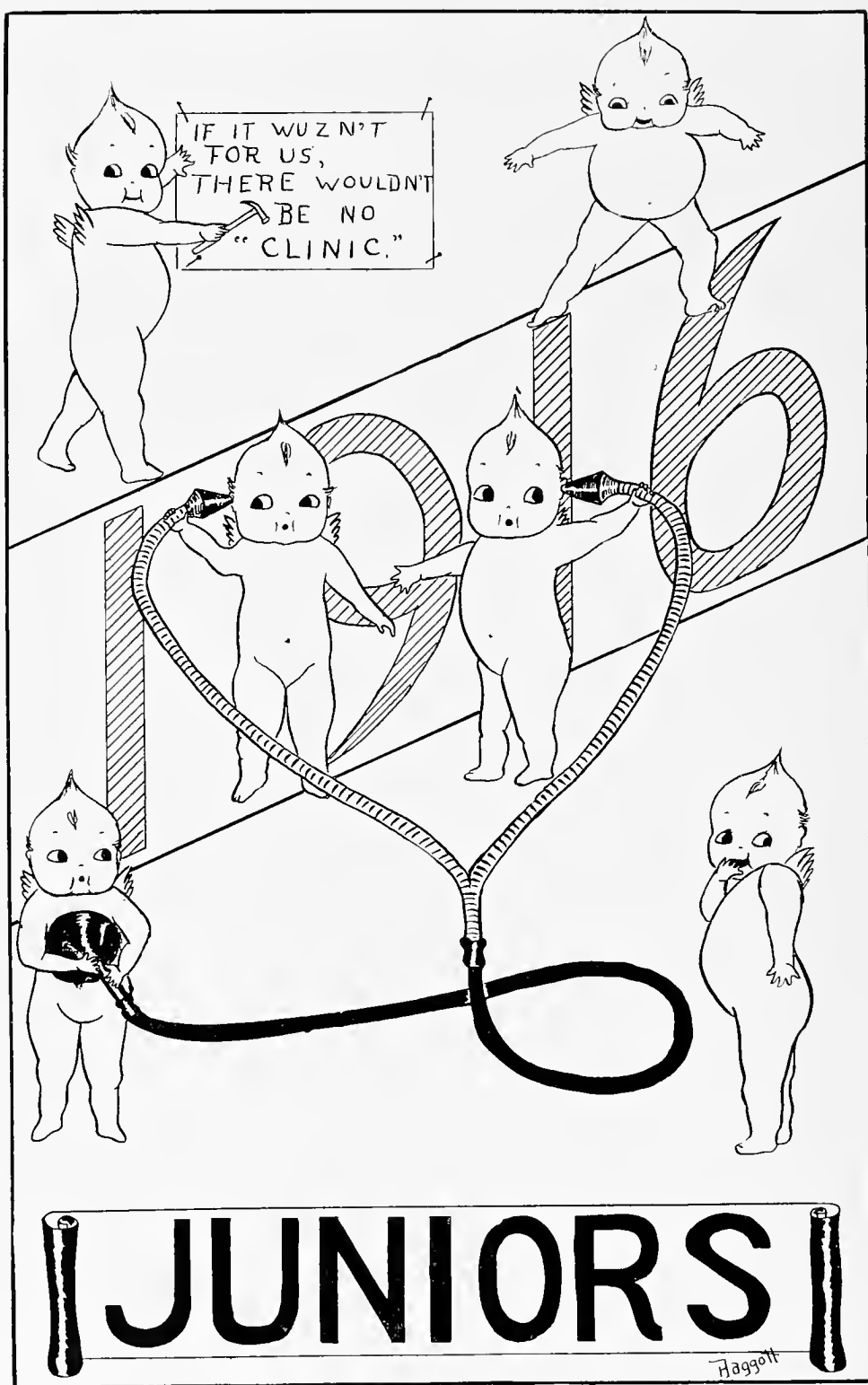
The preservation of human life rests largely in your hands. Yours it is to promote the comfort and happiness of humanity. Thousands of human beings are calling to you for help. Borne down by the ravages of disease, in their anguish and misery they cry out to you. Can you blind yourself to the fact that their bodies are the abiding places of your legitimate enemy—disease? Ah, no! Your training will not let you do it. Your conscience says you have willingly assumed this obligation and must fulfill your duties. Alert and ready, you must follow the course of human life, from the cradle to the grave. Your trail will lead to the humble habitations of the poor, as well as the pretentious dwellings of the rich. As disease is no respecter of persons, so neither must you consider that your duty is increased or diminished according to the garb of its victims. It will be incumbent on you to perform acts of kindness and charity that will bring you no pecuniary recompense. Remember, they are never done in vain, for, in the words of Longfellow:

"Its waters returning
Back to the springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth, returns again to the fountain."

When we see you girded and ready for the battle before you, our own ardor fills us with not a little envy, but reflecting on your qualifications and our unworthiness, such thoughts are quickly dispelled. We congratulate you on the station to which you have attained. We urge you not to tarry there but to advance, that the bright morning of your ambition may know not the night of failure; but that the finger of Time, pointing on the sun-dial of Life, may record for you only hours of brightest sunshine—the glowing rays of SUCCESS.

E. P. D., '16.





Junior Class Officers

President

A. F. PETERSON

Secretary

L. H. HOWARD

Vice-President

R. K. FOXWELL

Treasurer

W. L. MADDEN

Historian

I. P. A. BYRNE

Sergeants-at-Arms

J. A. BECK

G. O'NEILL, JR.

Junior Class Roll

AIKMAN, D. M. Pennsylvania
BAGGOTT, B. T. Maryland
BECK, F. A. Pennsylvania
BIDDLE, B. H. Ohio
BYRNE, I. P. A. New York
CANNON, J. M. Oklahoma
CHAPUT, L. R. Massachusetts
COMPTON, F. West Virginia
DUNNE, E. P. Connecticut
EYESTONE, FRED. Ohio
FELDMAN, M. Maryland
FLYNN, W. H. Connecticut
FOLEY, M. J. Connecticut
FOXWELL, R. K. Maryland
GREUTZNER, E. T. Pennsylvania
GONZALES, F. Porto Rico
HEGE, I. R. North Carolina
HOWARD, L. H. Maryland

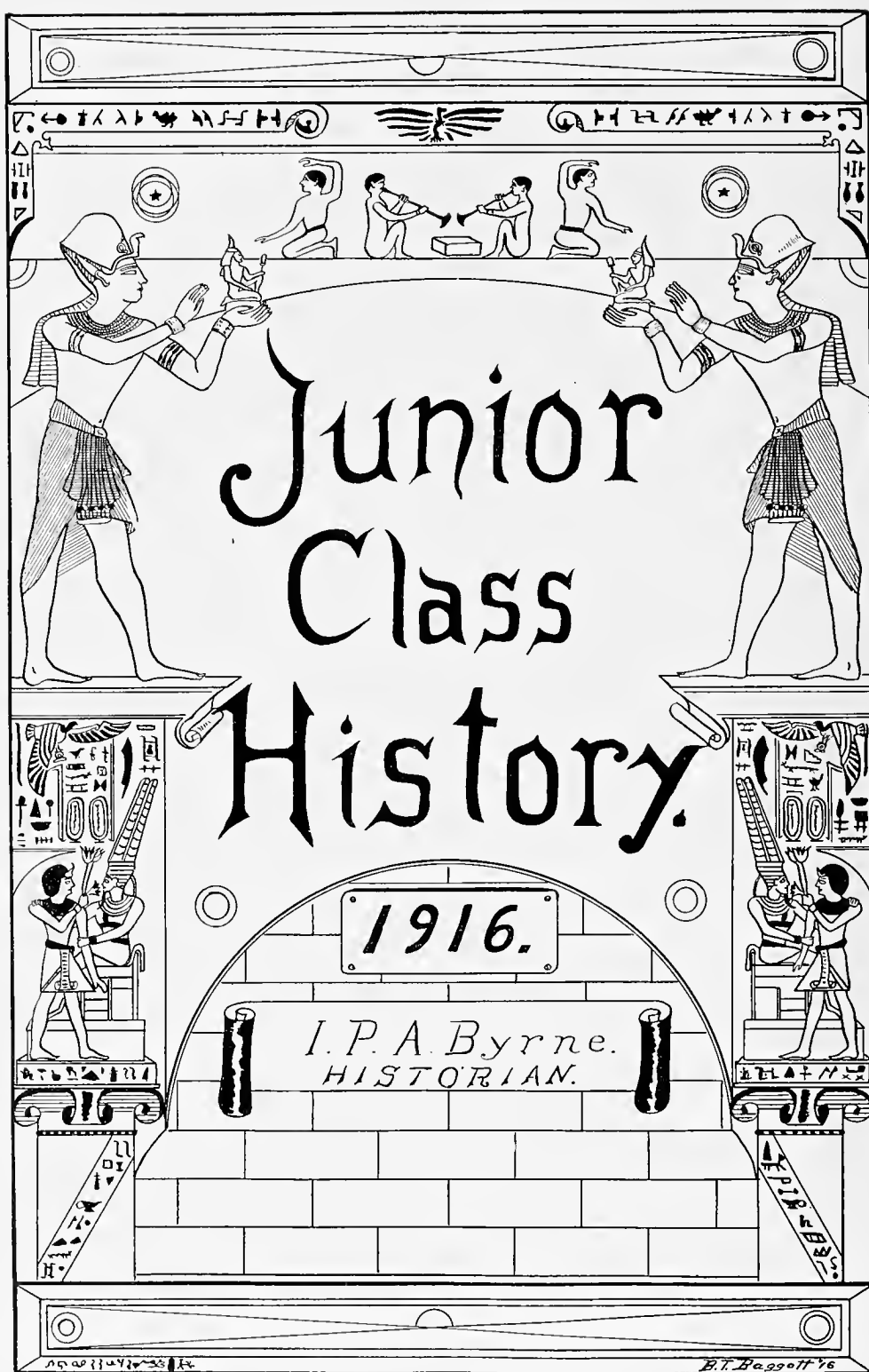
KYLE, PAUL. West Virginia
LUPTON, C. H. North Carolina
MADDEN, W. L. New Jersey
MARTIN, F. G. Maryland
MATHAI, J. H. Illinois
McKAMIE, K. E. Pennsylvania
McLEAN, G. Maryland
MORALES, R. R. Porto Rico
O'BRIEN, T. J. Connecticut
O'NEILL, JR., G. New York
PETERSON, A. F. Massachusetts
POST, G. R. Virginia
SAVANNAGH, J. G. New Jersey
SHIRKEY, W. F. West Virginia
SIETTER, A. G. Pennsylvania
STERNBERG, A. Palestine
SYROP, EDW. F. New York
WOLF, H. D. Maryland



Junior Class



Junior Class



Junior Class History



THE portrayal of passing events in the life history of the Junior Class, which looks forward to 1916 as the appointed time, when good old P. & S. will crown their years of hard and earnest study with the degree of Doctor of Medicine, is entrusted to me as its Historian and accepted with infinite pleasure.

On September 30, 1914, according to schedule, the College year began and with it the birth of the present Junior Class.

True, some of the fellows delayed a few days to take another goodbye from the loved ones at home and so the first week we spent greeting new arrivals, giving the hearty hand-shake and hearing the cheery voice singing out "Hello, Bill: glad to see you back. How's everything?"

The entire atmosphere this year seems different. It's not dry old bones with their tuberosities or processes, nor dissecting room work that now engages our attention but more of the practical work, such as attending Clinics, visiting wards and working in the Dispensaries, thus applying some of our book-learning to actual practice, under the watchful eye and guiding hand of the instructor. So we begin to think we are somebody and to feel the mantle of dignity and responsibility descend upon our shoulders.

Having settled down to our respective sections, the next thing of importance was the election of Class Officers and so, on October 21, 1914, after hearing floods of oratory as to the wonderful worth of the respective candidates, vote was taken and the present officers elected.

That trouble was in the air was soon made manifest in the resignation of some of the CLINIC Board. Not willing to have any discord in our ranks, a Class meeting was held, grievances cited, and in the interests of peace and unity the entire CLINIC Board resigned and a new election was ordered. This election, which took place October 23rd, resulted in the formation of the present Board and the restoration of harmony.

On December 14, 1914, the CLINIC Board presented the laughable farce comedy, "Maid To Order," in Loyola Hall, to which the Junior Class nobly responded. It is to be regretted, however, that the other Classes, particularly the Seniors, gave but little support.

As the Christmas holidays were fast approaching and the dates of the mid-year Exams were posted, all got down to "bone up" for a century mark—as later reports showed, most of the fellows made their hard work count.

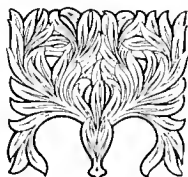
Junior Class History—Continued

The return to hard work, after the refreshing holidays, was welcomed by all and after the changes in sections, the fellows tackled their new tasks with such vigor that complimentary words, and encouragement were heard from the Faculty.

Shortly after our return we heard the announcement of the CLINIC Board that they had secured February 26, 1915, as the date for the "College Night" and the play, "The High Cost of Loving," was the attraction offered. In due course, this event took place and to judge from the decorations, the large attendance of professors, the ladies, the Student Body, and the favorable comments heard afterwards, the affair was one of the most successful ever given by the College.

Perhaps one of the most important things to record in this History is the work of the Operative Surgery Class as guided by Dr. R. W. Locher, assisted by Dr. T. F. E. Bess. This, according to authentic information, was the first time in the history of the College that such an excellent course was presented. Not only was a most comprehensive course given on the Cadaver, but Dr. Locher's activity brought about the opportunity of operating on the living subject, which was performed under the strictest aseptic precautions. The animals previous to, during, and after the operation were cared for by the students and the most satisfactory results obtained. It has been said that our operating room, its arrangements, etc., is the best of any college in the United States.

On March 11th the last change in Sections took place and with it the final leg in the race. It was then that we fully realized that if we had lagged any before we would have to buckle down for the final sprint. The CLINIC is now going to press and so the history from this time must remain unwritten, but I earnestly pray that all the good fellows now in the Junior Class will meet again next year with the proud title of Seniors.



BENEDICTINE

Here's to Our Wives and Sweethearts-- May They Never Meet

A man who had taken a bad cold, grew steadily worse, and by night had "lost his voice." He went up to see the doctor about nine o'clock that night, and rang the door-bell. The doctor's wife opened the door.

"Is the doctor in?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

And then the whispered reply came back: "No, come on in."

Hubby—The doctor says that one of my lungs is completely diseased, and I will have to stop smoking.

Wifey—Oh, dear, can't you hold out a little while longer? I only need seventy-five more coupons to get that lovely parlor clock.

Some women miss their husbands when absent; others miss them because they can't throw straight.

Patient—Doctor, you're married, aren't you?

Doctor—No, sir; I received that scar in a railway accident.

Wife (to husband, who is a doctor)—Now don't tell me you were detained at the office or any such improbable story as that.

Doctor—No, my dear, I was chased many blocks out of my way by a wild rhinoceros.

"Doctor, I haven't spoken to my wife for fifteen years—I didn't like to interrupt her."

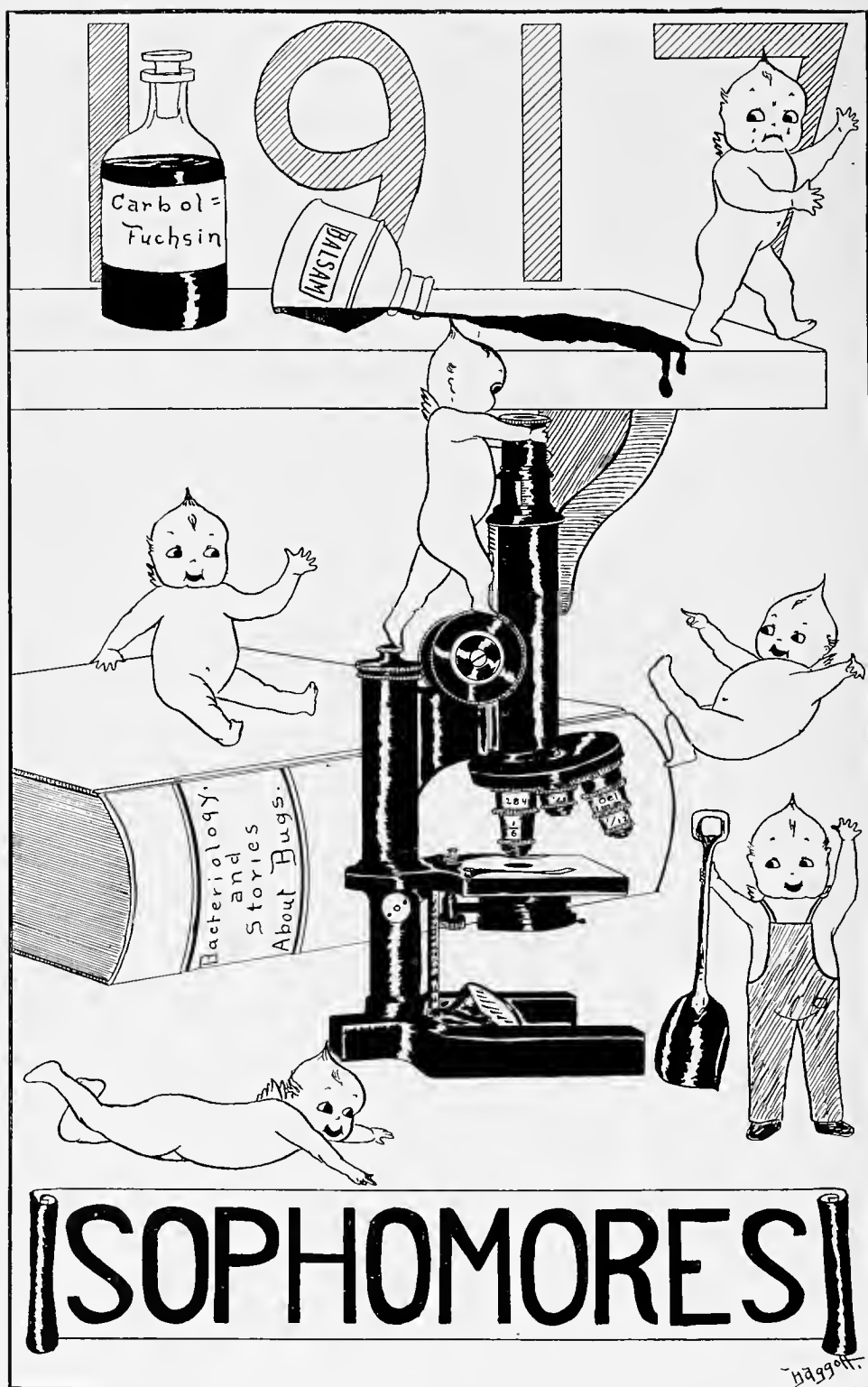
"I heard him behind the door pleading for just one. They must be engaged."

"No, they're married; he was begging her for a dollar."

ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE AND EQUAL, THEY EITHER REMAIN SO, OR GET MARRIED.

Names of Benedicts

A. G. SHETTER	F. A. BECK	PAUL KYLE	H. G. PERRY
B. LINGER	J. M. THORUP	J. R. ANDERSON	
C. L. LYON	G. E. SPROWLS	O. W. RENZ	J. B. LOHAN



Sophomore Class Officers

President

L. H. BLOOM

Vice-President

H. J. ST. LAWRENCE

Secretary

E. H. CHAMPIN

Treasurer

L. T. BOHL

Historian

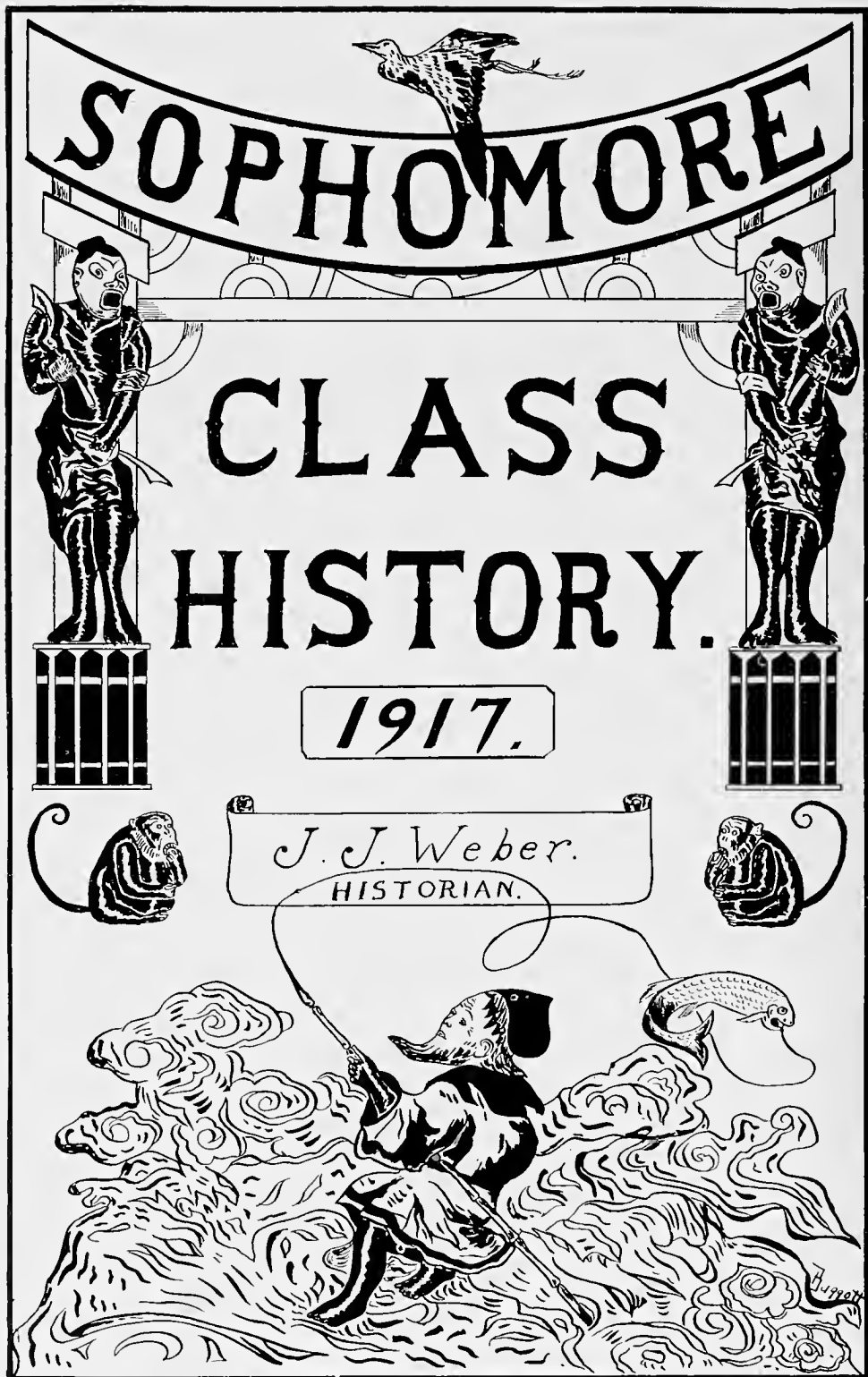
J. J. WEBER

Sergeant-at-Arms

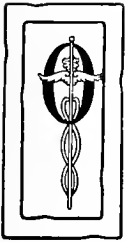
H. D. KETCHERSIDE

Sophomore Class Roll

BLOOM, G. H.	New Jersey	LYNCH, R. A.	West Virginia
BLOOM, L. H.	New Jersey	MADISON, W. E.	Utah
BOHL, L. G.	New Jersey	McCLINTOCK, G. L.	Maryland
CHAMPIN, E. H.	New Jersey	MONTGOMERY, M. T.	Pennsylvania
CHAMPLIN, R. D.	New York	MOYERS, E. D.	West Virginia
CLARK, F. H.	Georgia	PEERY, C. E.	Virginia
CUNNINGHAM, T. P.	Rhode Island	RIGBY, S. B.	Utah
ELEDER, F. C.	Maryland	SMITH, L. L.	Oklahoma
HERTZOG, F. C.	Pennsylvania	STANSBURY, F.	West Virginia
KETCHERSIDE, H. D.	Arizona	ST. LAWRENCE, A. T.	Connecticut
KRAUSE, L.	Maryland	TERNEY, E. F.	Rhode Island
LA RUE, R.	Ohio	VIEWIG, M.	West Virginia
LASHER, L. A.	Pennsylvania	WEBER, T. T.	Maryland
WHEATON, H. W.	New York		



Sophomore Class History



CTOBER 1, 1914, witnessed the re-assembling of the Sophomore Class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. After their long vacation, the members were refreshed and ready to delve into the intricate studies and mysteries of the second year.

Aside from our daily routine, the presence of the Freshmen attracted our attention, notably in the dissecting room. While we did not consider it our proper sphere to "bully" the Freshmen, nevertheless, we did think it was our duty to maintain a certain spirit of superiority and to that end we formulated a code of laws. Their proper observance, at least in our presence, was such that we were not forced to suppress any rebellious tendencies.

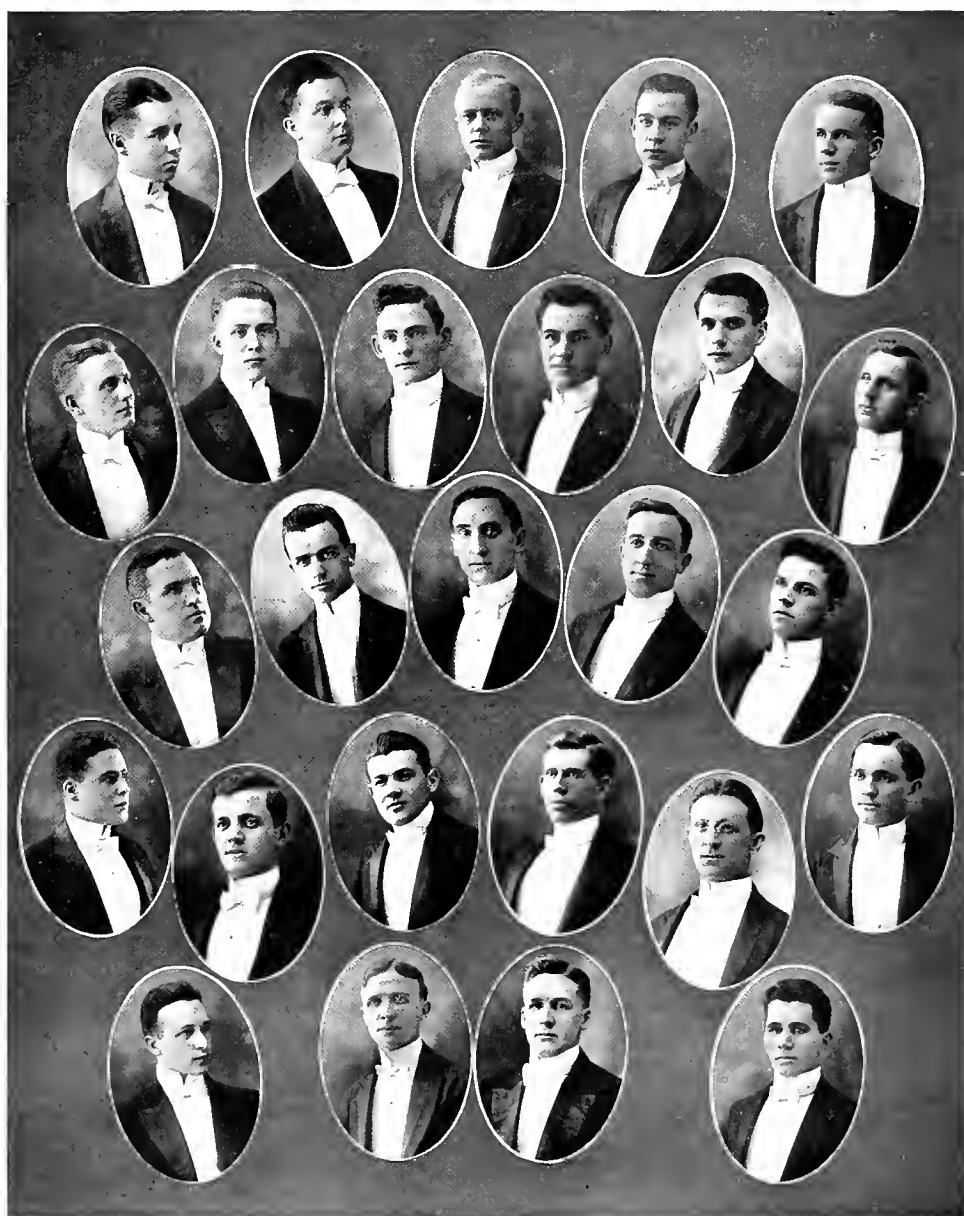
Having thus manifested our superiority to the Freshman Class and having accomplished what we considered our sacred duty, we were next brought to the consideration of matters pertaining to our own Class. The first to claim our attention was the election of officers. This event seemed to be the signal for the opening of hostilities hitherto unknown. Two factions immediately arose, and although it is true there was a neutral party, they were so far in the minority that their powers in the tumult were inconsiderable. Heavy artillery, in the form of eloquence, was discharged on both sides, but with little or no effect. Light charges also were frequent in the form of minor outbursts of political indignation. Finally, through the influence of the neutrals an armistice was declared and various parliamentary rules consulted which resulted in the settlement of the all-absorbing question. The result of this battle of words was the election of the following officers:

President.....	L. H. Bloom
Vice-President.....	A. J. St. Lawrence
Secretary.....	E. H. Champin
Treasurer.....	L. J. Bohl
Historian.....	J. J. Weber
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	H. D. Ketcherside

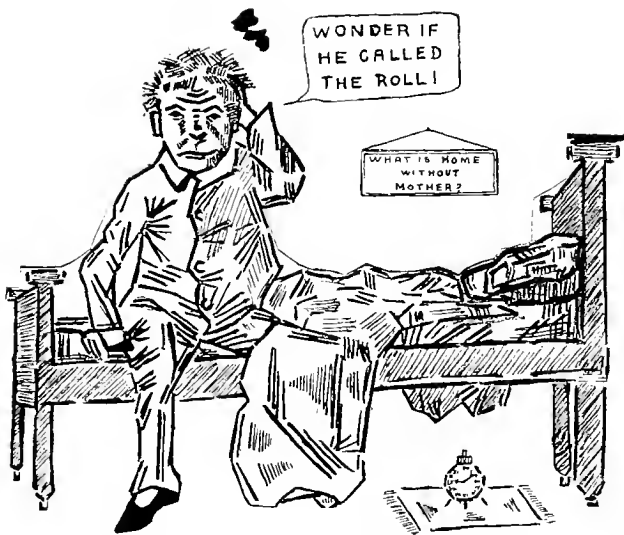
Hardly had we recovered from this strenuous excitement than the mid-year examinations loomed before us. We quickly disposed of them, however, and passed on to the enjoyment of our holidays.

Returning from our vacation, we again applied our shoulders to the wheel. Minor examinations confronted us, but these were disposed of in order.

In reviewing the work of the past season, we as a Class, feel that we have acquired a solid foundation for our future work and this is the fruit, not of our efforts alone, but more especially those of our instructors, to whom we owe and give many thanks.



Sophomore Class



LATE AGAIN!

"He's always late," I ever hear
 And yet, I'm not to blame;
 The fellows know it all, I fear:
 They saw me with that "dame."

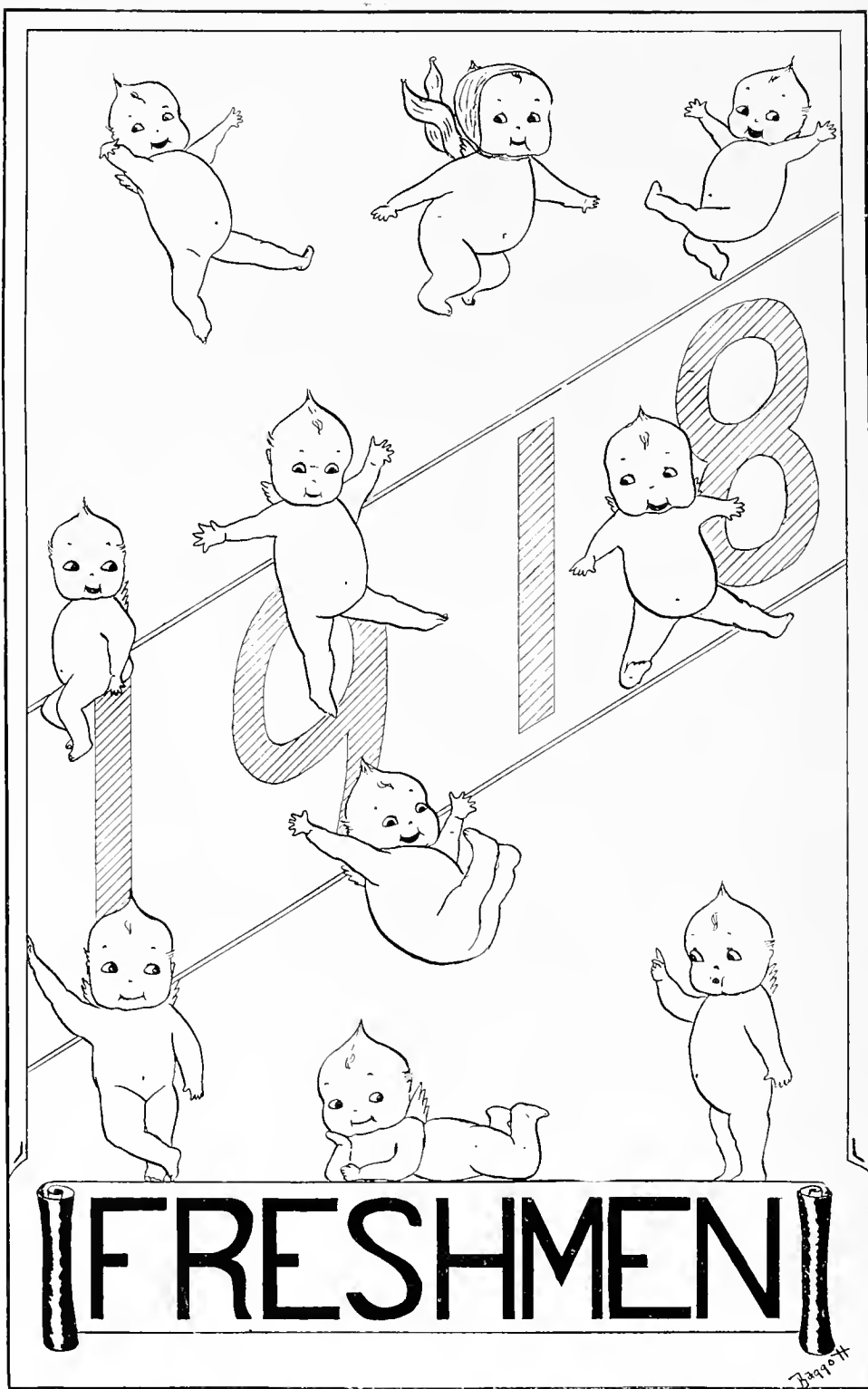
Of all remarks which "get my goat,"
 That is the one I hate;
 They've all been in that very boat—
 I've seen them all come late.

Now when I'm late on Monday morn',
 They all look wise and wink;
 They glance around to see me yawn,
 And I know what they think.

'Tis Nature calls me "to the hay,"
 But when it's time to rise,
 Old Morpheus, god of sleep, holds sway—
 He wishes me these sleepy eyes.

And when I'm late again this year,
 Don't blame it on that "dame";
 Remember that my nature's queer,
 And sleep's my middle name.

G. O'NEILL, JR.



FRESHMEN!

Boagott

Freshman Class Officers

President

JAMES F. CLEARY

Vice-President

NORMAN CROUCH

Secretary

OSCAR L. VEACH

Treasurer

HAROLD C. CLARK

Historian

ROBERT A. PILSEN

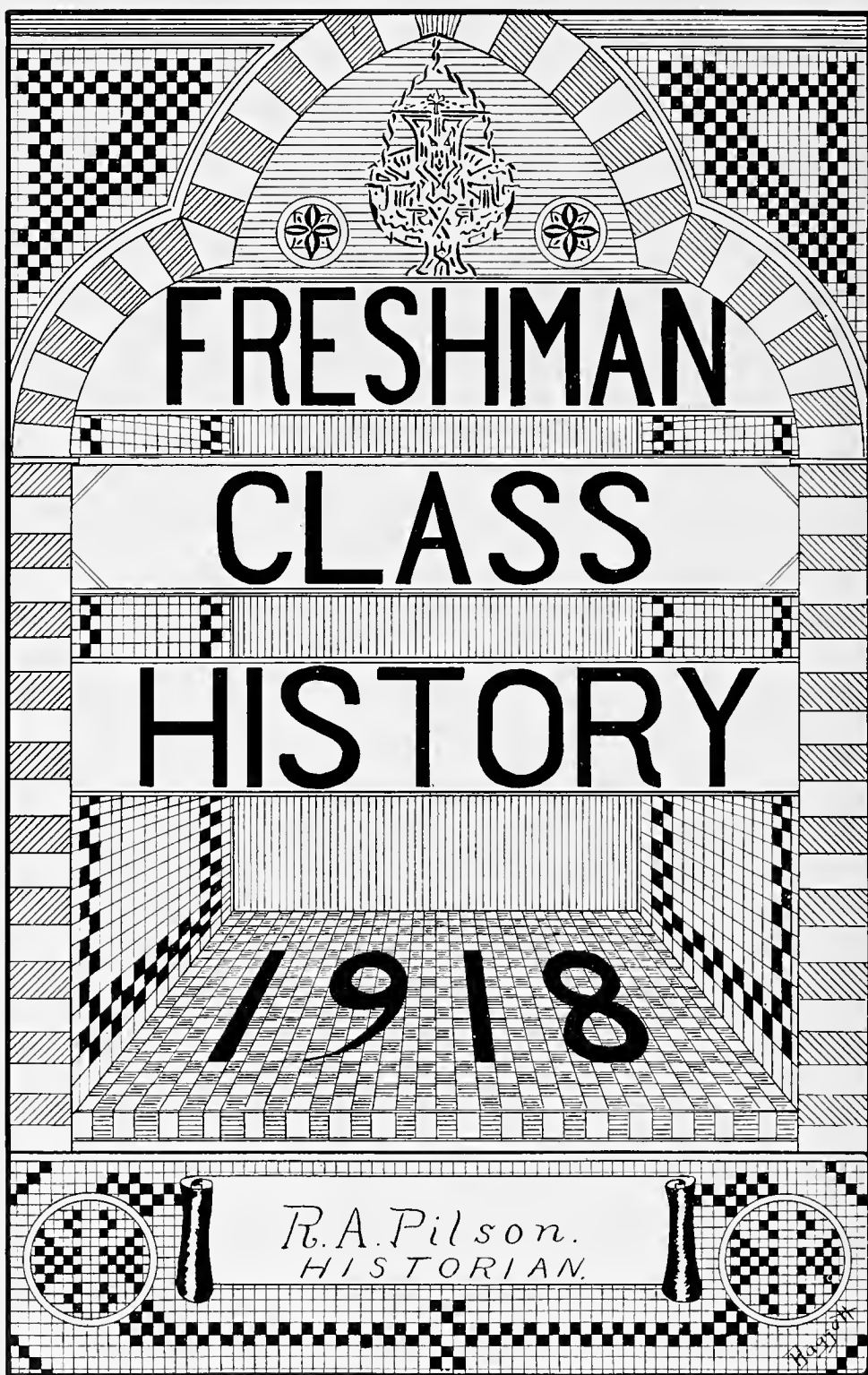
Sergeants-at-Arms

EVERARD BRISCOE

MAURICE H. FORTNEY

Freshman Class Roll

BRISCOE, EVERARD.....	Maryland	FORTNEY, MAURICE.....	West Virginia
CLARK, HAROLD C.....	New York	MCGLADIGAN, G. M.....	Pennsylvania
CLEARY, JAMES F.....	Connecticut	PILSEN, ROBERT A.....	Maryland
CROUCH, NORMAN.....	Maryland	THOMPSON, THEO. F.....	New Jersey
DELIZ, RAMON C.....	Porto Rico	TRIPPETT, L. HARRY.....	West Virginia
VEACH, OSCAR L.....	Montana		



FRESHMAN

CLASS

HISTORY

1918

R.A. Pilson.
HISTORIAN.

Hagdon

Freshman Class History



T the time of this issue, the 1915 edition of the CLINIC, the embryonic M. D.'s of the 1918 Class are singing "It's a Long, Long Time 'Till 1918." To be perfectly candid, it seems as far away as Alaska, yet in consideration of the swift passing of our first year, we have a large and growing "hunch" that the gap between "Freshman" and "Senior" is not so terribly great after all.

Beginning with the 1914 session, a new and especial dignity was invested in the hitherto despised Freshman. The Freshman at P. & S. is no longer the lowest classman, the butt of all jokes; the grand Moguls of the State Board have seen fit to require an additional year of pre-medical work before entrance to the medical schools of this State. Consequently P. & S. has become a five-year school, and a judicious Providence has provided the "Pre-medics," with the result that the Freshman "Lord" it over them as loftily as the "Sophs" previously ruled the First-Year Class.

That brings to mind the fact that the Freshman and Sophomore Classes seem to have declared a truce at P. & S.; possibly it was out of deference to our small numbers that we were not put through any stunts. At any rate we have been enjoying the benefits of peaceful afternoons in the dissecting room, with frequent demonstrations from the "Sophs," on some part of anatomy which we failed to grasp readily.

Although small, the Freshman Class entered with spirit into the various school activities. Almost all of the class have affiliated themselves with one of the various fraternities and in due season had their "Glutei Maximi" well beaten. Although we have an endless number of subjects to master in the course of our remaining three years, no mean amount of knowledge has already worked its way into our thick but eager Freshman skulls. The tools of our dissecting room work are no longer called "instruments." We know who leads the ilio-tibial band and who performs on Jacobson's organ. We have estimated the horsepower of Dr. McCleary's "pyre" in terms of "limburger" calories. We have secured a good beginning for our course in anatomy, although one of our number asserted during a "quiz," that "the radial nerve was the muscle of sensation."

Our "bone head plays" have been numerous; but such is the common experience of the Freshman, regardless of the branch of education he is following.

We flatter ourselves that our mistakes were made but once—only once did a certain Freshman boldly assert that the annular ligament was attached to the sphenoid bone.

In spite of all our mistakes, Fellow Freshmen, if we but keep the spirit and team-work displayed during the past year, we need not fear for the future.



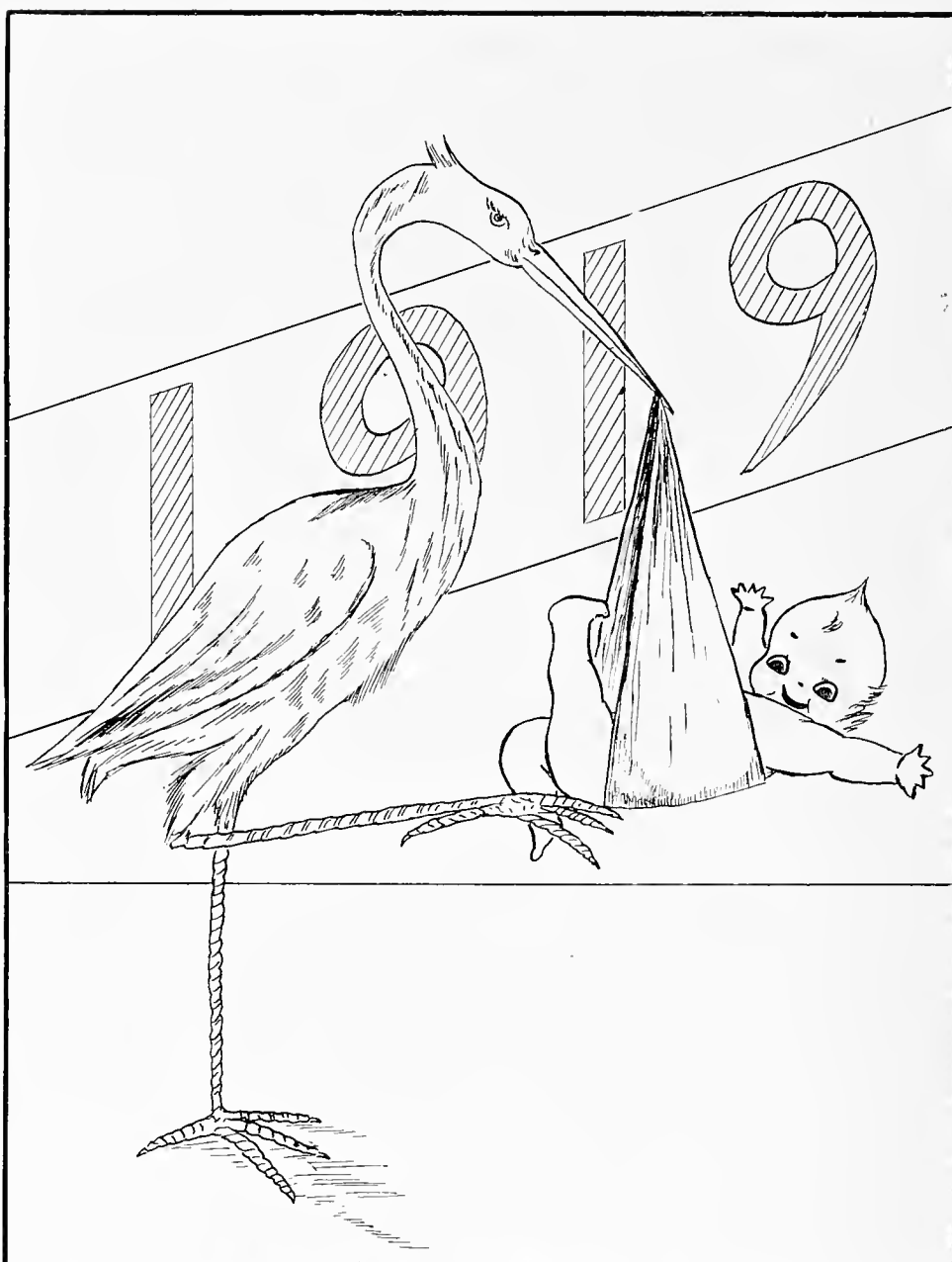
Freshman Class

Be All Right

If you do not wish to stumble
When you climb the glorious height :
If you never hope to tumble
Into any woe or plight ;
Then, both to the great and humble,
You must ever be upright.
If you keep to your decision,
What so e'er may come in sight ;
If you show a strong volition,
And not shrink behind with fright,
Friends will say without derision,
That you're what they call "down-right."
Do you aim to reach perfection,
And Success do you invite?
Then be subject to correction—
In improvement, e'er delight—
Take the knock without objection,
Ever seek to be outright.
If you crave to win great power,
You must work with all your might :
Do not be afraid and cower—
Be a hero in the fight.
Use, and use well, every hour,
And I'm sure you'll BE ALL RIGHT.

PEG.





PREMEDICALS

Baggott

Pre-Medical Class Officers

President

C. WILBUR STEWART

Vice-President

WETHERBEE FORT

Secretary

P. B. LONERGAN

Treasurer

WILLIAM G. GEYER

Historian

JOHN A. BUCHNESS

Sergeant-at-Arms

DAMIAN P. ALAGIA

Class Roll

ALAGIA, DAMIAN P.	Maryland	OTERO, PABLO MORALES.	Porto Rico
BUCHNESS, JOHN A.	Maryland	RAPP, DONALD.	Maryland
CABALLERO, F. FRANCESCO.	Porto Rico	RICHARDSON, RAY W.	Maryland
FORT, WETHERBEE.	Maryland	SELETSKY, JOHN E.	Pennsylvania
FOOSE, WILBUR C.	Pennsylvania	STEWART, C. WILBUR.	Maryland
GEYER, WILLIAM G.	Maryland	SULLIVAN, JOHN C.	New Hampshire
GONZALVO, FRANCISCO A, Santo Domingo		TIEMEYER, ARTHUR C.	Maryland
INGRAM, W. HAWKINS.	Kentucky	VANGA, ERNESTO QUINTARO.	Porto Rico
LONERGAN, P. B.	Pennsylvania	WHITE, THOMAS F.	Delaware



Pre-Medical Class

History of Pre-Medical Class



RULING of the American Medical Association which went into effect on January 1, 1914, was instrumental in the formation of our Class and, consequently, the cause of our entering into the studies of medicine with what we esteem as an exceeding honor, namely, that of being the first Pre-medical Class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Not one of us deprecates the establishment of this ruling by the American Medical Association, nor the institution of the Pre-medical Class by the Faculty of the College. On the contrary, we feel that it was done for our good and appreciate it as such.

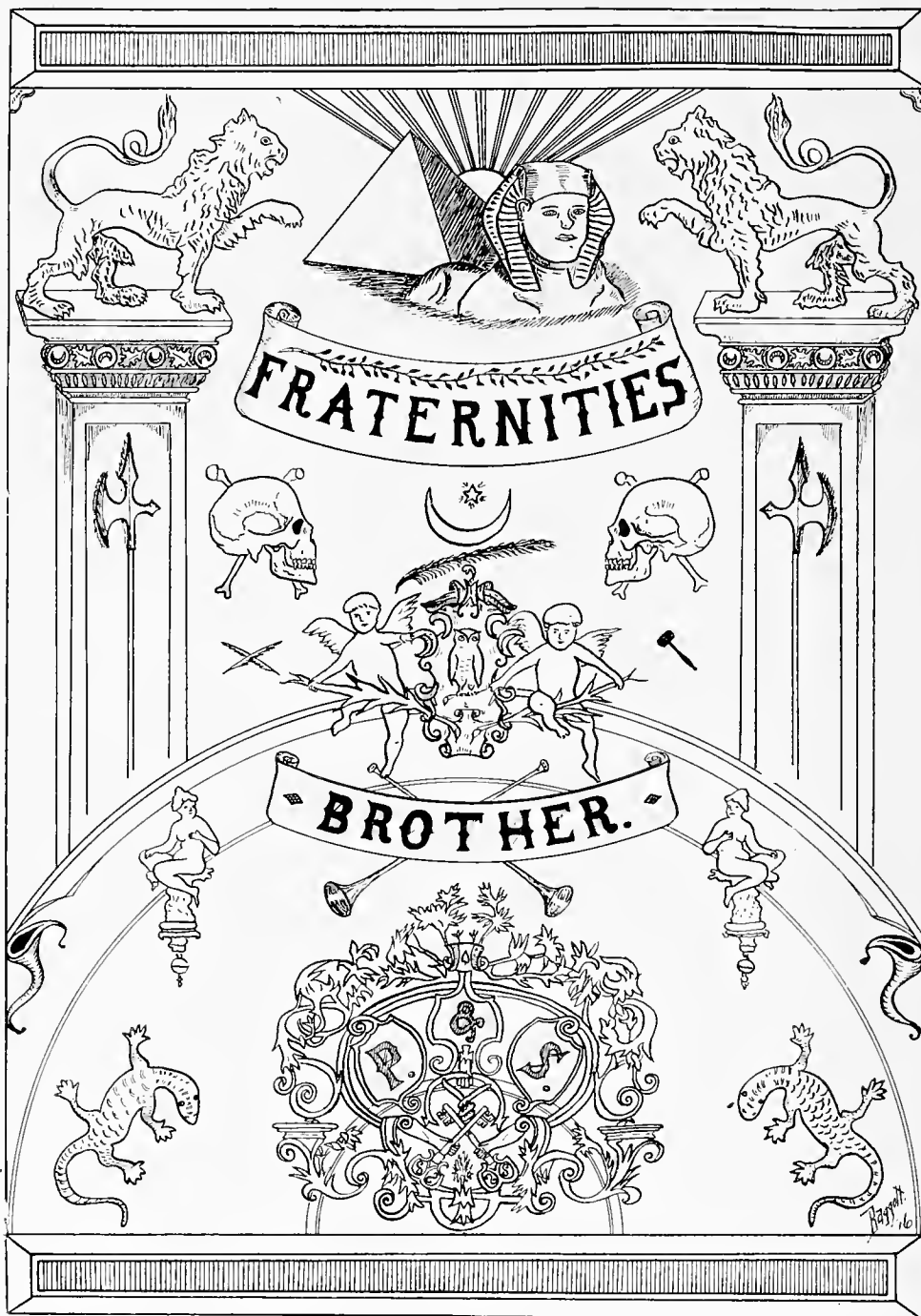
The courses in Biology and Chemistry were given at the College and the courses in Physics and the languages at the Mt. Vernon Collegiate Institute. Classes at both institutions commenced on the first of October. Some students registered at one school and some at the other. Some pursued the full number of courses and others only three, two or one course, according to the number of deficiencies that each individual had to make up to fulfill the requirements for entrance into the Freshman Class.

The number of men in the Class has varied from time to time. At the start of the scholastic year there were but six or eight. The number soon grew until at the present writing there are eighteen full-fledged "Pre-meds." The enrollment has been much larger but several of the men withdrew because of ill health, and several others for reasons unknown.

Besides the bona-fide members of the Class, we have had members of the Freshman Class with us in several of the branches of study, notably Biology and Physics.

There are few events which have stood out notably above the routine of study lectures and laboratory work. The biggest event of the year occurred in the latter part of October, when the Class election took place. Officers were elected after some close balloting, and excepting the treasurer, have had but little work to do in connection with their offices. The Treasurer's office, too, would have been a sinecure had there not been a slight tax to collect. As events proved there was some work to get that money. In November, there was a little conspiracy to take a day off to vote. A member of the Faculty, however, put his veto to work and as a consequence, we came to school. The rest of the year was uneventful. Perhaps next year and the years to come, will not pass so quietly as this and the Class will be remembered for other things besides the fact that we formed the first Pre-medical Class of P. & S.

Here's hoping we will all be back as members of the Class of 1919



Phi Chi Fraternity

Installed March, 1902

Delta Delta Chapter

Flower—White Carnation

Founded 1878 at University of Vermont

Chapter Roll

Alpha.....	Medical Department of University of Vermont
Alpha Alpha.....	Medical Department of University of Louisville
Alpha Theta.....	Western Reserve University, Ohio
Alpha Mu.....	University of Indiana
Beta.....	University of Oregon
Beta Beta.....	University of Maryland
Gamma.....	Ohio State University
Gamma Gamma.....	Medical College of Maine at Bowdoin College
Delta.....	Tufts College Medical School
Delta Delta.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore
Epsilon.....	Detroit College of Physicians and Surgeons
Zeta.....	Medical Department of University of Texas
Theta Eta.....	Medical College of Virginia
Theta Upsilon.....	Temple University, Philadelphia
Iota.....	University of Alabama
Iota Pi.....	University of Southern California
Kappa.....	Georgetown University
Kappa Delta.....	Johns Hopkins University
Mu.....	Indiana University Medical School
Xi.....	Texas Christian University
Omicron.....	Tulane University, New Orleans
Pi.....	Vanderbilt University
Pi Delta Phi.....	University of California
Rho.....	University of Chicago
Sigma.....	Atlanta Medical College
Sigma Theta.....	University of North Carolina
Sigma Upsilon.....	Leland Stanford, Jr., University
Tau.....	University of South Carolina
Upsilon Pi.....	University of Pennsylvania
Phi.....	George Washington University
Phi Beta.....	University of Illinois
Phi Rho.....	St. Louis University
Phi Sigma.....	Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery
Chi.....	Jefferson Medical College, Pennsylvania
Chi Theta.....	Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia
Psi.....	University of Michigan
Psi Rho Sigma.....	Northwestern University



Delta Delta Chapter, Phi Chi

Roll of Membership

Seniors

H. H. JOHNSON	L. G. MILLER
W. R. MCKENZIE	B. H. TADEUSIAK
H. E. GARDNER	E. B. STALEY
R. E. WOODALL	C. C. SPANGLER
S. A. DE MARTINI	A. McCLUNG
H. D. LAW	

Juniors

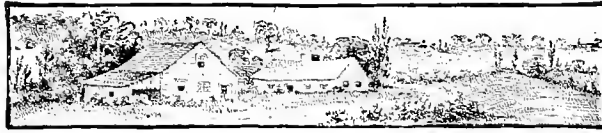
A. F. PETERSON	C. H. LUPTON
H. D. WOLFE	A. G. SHETTER
G. R. POST	F. A. BECK
W. L. MADDEN	L. R. CHAPUT

Sophomores

G. L. McCLINTOCK	W. E. MADDISON
L. H. BLOOM	H. D. KETCHERSIDE
G. H. BLOOM	J. J. WEBER
R. A. LYNCH	L. J. BOHL
R. P. CHAMPLIN	T. P. CUNNINGHAM

Freshmen

M. H. FORTNEY	R. A. PILSEN
T. F. THOMPSON	



That Letter Home

THE lad who leaves the homestead old to live away or roam is more or less indifferent about that letter home. He leaves the place he loves so well to make his upward way, but oft' forgets to drop a line to parents, old and gray. His father wishes him goodbye, and says, "My boy, make good; don't let temptation trip you up, but keep on sawing wood." He hears his mother's parting words, "Don't fail to write, my son; please write to us real often—tell us of the things you've done." He buys the paper, blotter, ink and pen with which to write, but always puts it off and says, "I'll write tomorrow night." The folks at home are waiting for that letter day by day, they wonder what "son's" doing in the city far away. Oh! lad, throw off that lazy cloak and take your pen in hand, and start it with "Dear Pa and Ma," then write to beat the band. Just write a good, long missive, fill their aged hearts with joy, for patiently they've waited for a letter from "their boy." Just write and tell them all the news until you fill the pad, and make your mother proud of you and swell the head of dad. Your parents are the only ones that gave you half a chance; your father bought your clothing and your mother pressed your pants; they gave you board and lodging and it didn't cost a dime; your folks are out to help you ev'ry single, blessed time. So take your pen in hand, my friend, and write a page or two, the folks at home are waiting for a little word from you.

RAY I. HOPPMAN.

Chi Zeta Chi

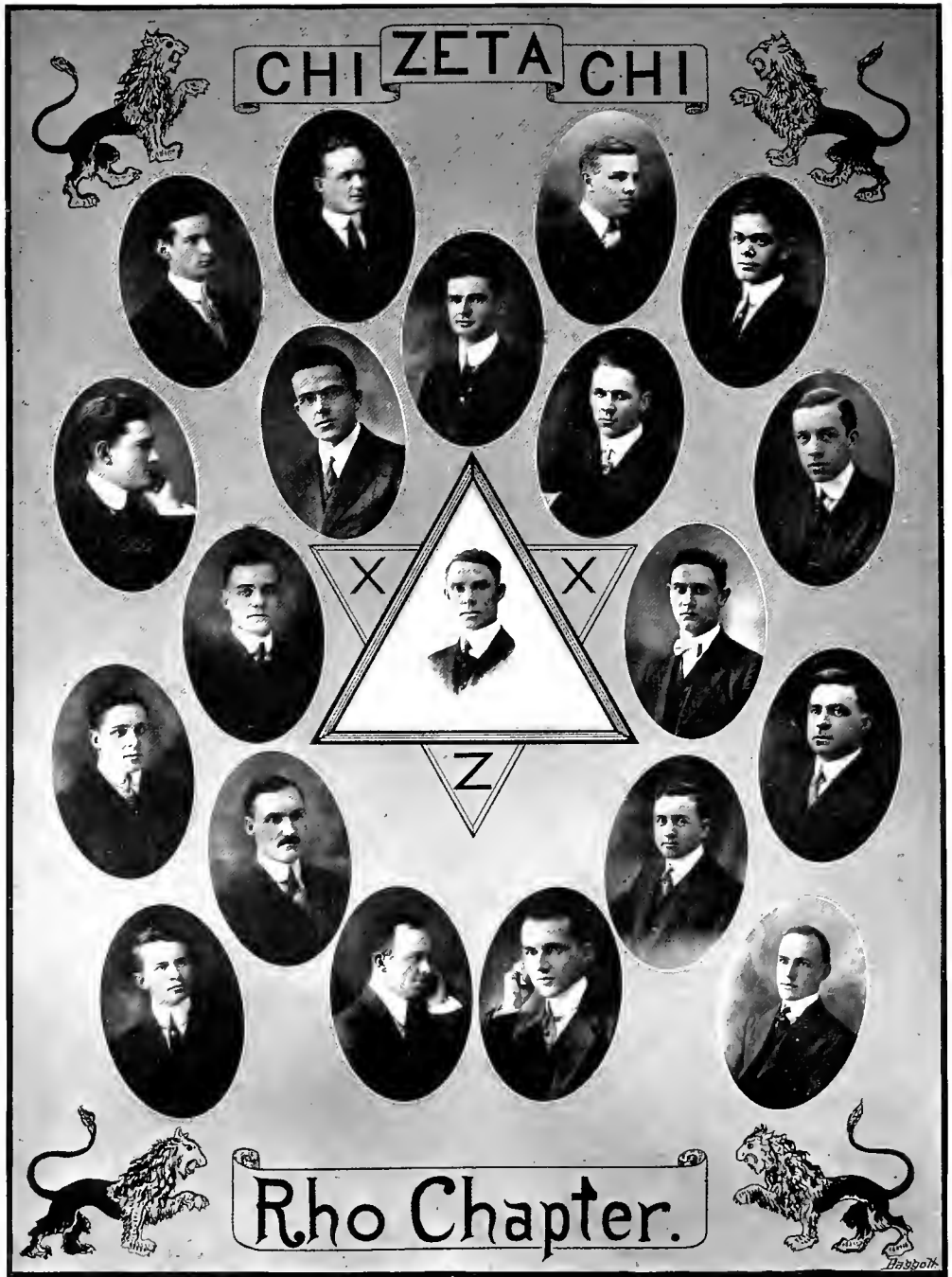
Founded Nineteen Hundred and Three at the University of Georgia

Fraternity Colors—Purple and Old Gold

Fraternity Flower—White Carnation

Roll of Active Chapters

Alpha.....	University of Georgia, Augusta, Ga.
Beta.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, N. Y.
Delta.....	University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
Epsilon.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Atlanta, Ga.
Zeta.....	Baltimore Medical College, Baltimore, Md.
Theta.....	Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Kappa.....	Atlanta School of Medicine, Atlanta, Ga.
Lambda.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Memphis, Tenn.
Mu.....	Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Nu.....	University of Arkansas, Little Rock, Ark.
Xi.....	St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.
Omicron.....	Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Pi.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, Ill.
Rho.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Sigma.....	George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Tau.....	Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Upsilon.....	Fordham University, New York, N. Y.
Phi.....	Lincoln University, Knoxville, Tenn.
Chi.....	Long Island Medical College, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Psi.....	Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.



Rho Chapter, Chi Zeta Chi

Roll of Membership

Seniors

J. L. CONARTON	V. L. MAHONEY
L. L. CRAMER	WILLIAM MCCALLION
L. K. FARGO	H. G. PERRY
E. E. FITZPATRICK	H. L. ROGERS
T. K. GALVIN	W. C. SPALDING
A. J. JACKSON	F. X. KEARNEY

BASIL LINGER

Juniors

B. T. BAGGOTT	L. H. HOWARD
RAYMOND K. FOXWELL	T. F. O'BRIEN

W. H. FLYNN

Freshmen

L. H. TRIPPETT	G. T. MCGLADIGAN
----------------	------------------



The Physician



I know no greater character in the world
Than a great, strong, well-equipped physician!
You can see in his face the semblance
Of the large, great measure of things in his soul.
It is written upon him, it is carved in his wrinkles
It is marked in his manner of moving.
Its spell is upon the word that he utters,
And the way that he utters the word is a way
That carries conviction to your soul,
Of the greatness of his soul.

What a meaning he has to the growth of our civilization!
What a part he plays in the gradual progress of truth!
What a mine of ineffable resource,
How sane, how broad, how noble in openly leaning
Down from his eminent tower of knowledge
To catch from the drift of the world's thought—
The ceaseless crying and clamor—
A light that may add to his own light
A finer sense of right seeing
Into the dark that incloses
The burning beacon of truth!

He is a man of burdens, for on him reclines
The trust of a helpless people!
They look in his eyes to read a ray of hope they want,
They look on his lips to see some shadow of smile that may
Dash from their hearts the shadows; he must be strong,
And always so gentle, and true;
And he is so tirelessly bound in the toil of his useful life,
Studying, keeping in touch with every gossip of growth
In the science of his profession—
Carefully assorting, rejecting, adopting,
Making himself a better server of man
And in that growth of his spirit
A server more than he knows
Of the infinite God above us!

ANON.

Phi Beta Pi

The Active Chapters

EASTERN PROVINCE

Alpha.....University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Zeta.....Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Eta.....Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Phi Psi.....Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.
Chi.....Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha Gamma.....Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Alpha Delta.....Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alpha Eta.....University of Virginia, Va.
Alpha Xi.....Harvard University, Brookline, Mass.
Alpha Omicron.....Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

WESTERN PROVINCE

Alpha Nu.....University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah

SOUTHERN PROVINCE

Rho.....Medical Dept. Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Sigma.....University of Alabama, Mobile, Ala.
Alpha Beta.....Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Alpha Kappa.....University of Texas, Galveston, Texas.
Alpha Lambda.....University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

NORTHERN PROVINCE

Beta.....University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Delta.....Rush Medical College (University of Chicago), Chicago, Ill.
Theta.....Northwestern University Medical School, Chicago, Ill.
Iota.....College of P. & S., University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.
Kappa.....Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery, Detroit, Mich.
Omicron.....Indiana University School of Medicine, Indianapolis, Ind.
Alpha Epsilon.....Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.
Alpha Zeta.....Indiana University School of Medicine, Bloomington, Ind.
Alpha Mu.....University of Louisville, Louisville, Ky.
Alpha Pi.....University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

CENTRAL PROVINCE

Lambda.....St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.
Mu.....Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Xi.....University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
Pi.....University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.
Tau.....University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.
Alpha Alpha.....John A. Creighton University, Omaha, Neb.
Alpha Iota.....University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.



Phi Beta Pi

Zeta Chapter

Seniors

W. H. BASH	M. L. RAEMORE
E. F. GOTT	G. E. SPROWL
J. B. LOHAN	P. B. STEELE
C. L. LYON	F. P. WELTNER

Juniors

D. M. AIKMAN	E. G. GRUETZNER
B. H. BIDDLE	P. M. KYLE
J. M. CANNON	

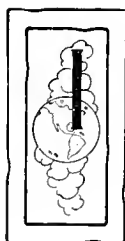
Sophomores

F. H. CLARK	M. J. MONTGOMERY
F. C. ELEDER	C. E. PEERY
F. C. HERZOG	FRED STANSBURY
L. LASHER	M. W. VIEWIG
R. T. LA RUE	H. W. WHEATON

Freshmen

E. BRISCOE	J. F. CLEARY
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On Medical Books and Journals



IT may not be out of place to refer briefly to one or two of the more important points concerning medical books and journals, with reference to their use by medical students and physicians, and also in the formation of the medical libraries of the practicing physician. It is an old saying that by their works ye shall know them, and I think it to be equally true to state, by their books shall ye know them. One can almost tell the type of man and the cut of his mind by a few minutes' inspection of the books and journals that he owns and that he has upon his office desk and table, and many of the shortcomings in practice, as well as intellectually are due to the cultivation of authors whose friendship really is not worth while. Medical books and journals are very much like people—some are good, some are bad, and some are indifferent, and if one hasn't natural taste for choosing the best, it should be assiduously cultivated. During the first few years after graduation the young physician generally has ample time to read, and this in itself is a very good thing, as it enables him to become acquainted with the masters of medicine, both of the past and of the present day, a thing which requires more time than he will have later on, when patients and other duties claim every moment of his day.

One should begin by reading only recognized authorities, and avoid the cheap literature so generously distributed by pharmaceutical houses and the cheaper journals. These publications may be interesting, but they are pernicious in their influence, and the articles are rarely based on a desire to get at the truth, but more often are published for the purpose of exploiting some article advertised in the journal. There can be little question about choice of the best journals and of the best books, and if one is in doubt, the advice of an older physician of cultivated taste can always be had for the asking.

During the early years, the physician should make it a point to read the older writers, the original contributions that have made medicine what it is today, and along with these articles, to read lives of the men who have done the work. These two things will give a better idea of medical history, a better idea of the development of the science, than a like amount of time put in reading historical text-books. If you read the life of Ambrose Paré, you get not only a knowledge of the life of the man, but an adequate idea of surgery as it was at the end of the sixteenth century. Without repeating examples, the same is true of any of the medical worthies whom we might mention.

When it comes to the formation of a library, the student generally starts with the text-books he has acquired in college, and adds to them partly according to his needs, and partly according to the persuasions of the book agent, so that one generally sees on the shelves of a physician books that one imagines the physician bought to use, and others that he has bought to place on his shelves with no particular idea of reading.

The choice of books for one's personal library depends very largely upon whether one is located in a medical centre, where there is a good medical library, or in a small town where there is none. If one has access to journal files and all the books that one needs in a well-chosen library there is little use to own any books except those that are needed in the daily round of work, and those which represent the real thought of the medical masters, not compilations, but as far as possible, the original works themselves. As to medical journals, one should subscribe to only the very best, one or two for the purpose of keeping abreast in medicine and all its branches, and then the special journals as the taste or the practice of the subscriber may indicate. Even with the best medical journals one at times may get articles that are not always desirable, but at any rate they represent the earnest desire to get at the truth, and one will not be led very far astray by their use. The cheap medical journals, of which there are myriads, are bad because the articles are often not really honest, and one might paraphrase the old phrase, and say that a moderately good medical journal is about as good as a moderately good egg.

The physician just starting out will do well to read systematically along certain lines—not everything, because this is impossible, but what great minds have had to say on the particular subject in hand, and along with this reading should go systematic note taking, in order that the material gleaned by reading may be systematized and fixed in the mind. From time to time the practice should be made of reading a book of essays by some medical writer. There are many delightful medical essays that will be found just as refreshing as a trashy novel, and of infinitely more value. These might be used for lighter hours, and will be found a constant source of inspiration.

It may not be out of place to add one word on the subject of reading outside of medical things. In the early years of practice the physician should form a habit of keeping abreast of the times, by reading some good newspaper, and this should be supplemented by one or two of the standard journals that review current events, and new books, new music, and new art, and which criticize men and events, and beside this, a certain amount of time every day should be taken in general reading, choosing only the very best of the world's masters. This does not mean that one should confine his reading to these, but there should be a sufficient amount of real solid foundation before the lighter things are added. There is nothing more disastrous to mental processes than the careless reading of cheap newspapers and magazines and trashy stories. On such pabulum the mind rapidly loses the power of continued concentration, and the more useful reading becomes difficult and laborious, and is finally abandoned. This is not the case where the taste has been cultivated by sys-

On Medical Books and Journals—Continued

tematic daily reading. If this is not done, the physician sooner or later becomes one-sided, and gradually loses interest in everything except his work, and the point is reached when he finds it difficult to meet with his fellowmen on any except a professional ground, because he has nothing in common with them except their ills. Taking all in all, there is perhaps no habit that can do so much for the pleasure of the physician as that of reading, for there are many spare minutes between engagements, and many waits in patients' houses, when there is no other form of entertainment available. This time often keeps the busy physician supplied with something to think about beyond the immediate needs of his patients, and on the basis of the old saying "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," there is certainly no class of people who need more than medical men, from time to time, to have their minds taken off of the daily round of their duties.

JOHN RUHRAH, M.D.



Gratitude

For health and wealth of strength,
Of body, mind and soul,
For zeal, discretion—at length
To reach the distant goal:
For mind enough divine
My wrongs to make amends,
For gratitude, to the Sublime,
But most of all for friends.

DR. E. H. HUTCHINS.





WILLARD HARDING WILLIAMS.





Thirty Years Hence



Wearied of the day's toils, I slept
To dream of days no more.
Thirty years back, my thoughts had crept,
And this is what I saw.
Comrades gathered in lecture halls,
While some good doctor quizzed;
My heart beat fast, for I recalled,
My name, he never missed.
And in the lower hall I saw
The boys all lounging there
On the stairs by the old front door:
I saw them everywhere.
In this same dream, I thought I stood
Beside the library door;
I felt a thrill when Dean Lockwood
Welcomed me once more.
When from our school we did depart,
Our bosoms swelled with pride;
We looked to P. & S. with God
Our future to decide.
Though years with sick brought us the light
Sought since those good old days—
Old P. & S. started us a-right
On our successful ways.
We carry still, from year to year,
Recollections of the past;
Our Alma Mater sure is dear
To all of our old Class.
In leisure moments I have asked,
Though some have passed away,
What has become of our old Class,
The CLINIC, I'll read today.
I found the CLINIC old and worn—
For thirty years had fled;
And turning pages yet untorn,
I saw each classmate as I read.
Though ne'er again I meet my mates,
In mem'ries haven we are one;
What e'er my fate, my heart awaits
My classmates, barring none.
When I awoke from that sweet dream,
I realized my debts:
So here's my prayer to be redeemed,
God bless dear P. & S.

G. O'NEILL, JR.

COLLEGE THEATRE NIGHT



ON the twenty-sixth of February the exceeding pleasure of greeting the loyal fathers and sons of P. & S. at the New Academy of Music was accorded us—the occasion being our annual theatre party.

For fully a month we had been looking forward to the great event, and then when the time arrived it was with the utmost satisfaction and pleasure that we beheld the gathering of professors and students for an evening of unalloyed pleasure. Those on whose efforts depended the success of the event were gratified beyond measure. They had planned and labored faithfully and unreservedly for the success of the event, not only with the view of obtaining substantial financial returns but also with the idea of having it a success socially. It gave them no small degree of pleasure, therefore, to know that their efforts were not in vain. The financial returns were highly satisfactory and to quote the words of many (and the opinion of all), "The play was the best ever given for the benefit of the CLINIC."

The theatre was plentifully and tastefully decorated with the College colors—purple and gold. The boxes, some of which were occupied by the fraternities of the School, were attractively bedecked with fraternity and College banners and pennants.

The play selected for the evening's entertainment was entitled "The High Cost of Loving," with Lew Fields in the leading role. Although the theme of the play was not especially intricate nor such as to send one into rhapsodies, nevertheless, there were throughout many humorous incidents that were greatly appreciated by all.



The Birth of the Autochrome Plate

BY PROF. W. SIMON, PH.D., M.D., SC.D.



SOME years ago I told my gardener to go to the village, buy some green paint of the same shade with which some of the woodwork on the place had been painted, and apply it wherever the old paint had become defective. Wonderously great was my astonishment when I came home in the evening to find intensely red patches scattered all over the old paint. One of the tables seemed to be covered with a crazy quilt; a bench looked as if murder had been committed, and the tops of the gate posts had the veritable appearance of two parrots covered with red and green plumage. Of course it was impossible to convince the artist that there was the slightest difference between the two colors. All of which shows that the poor fellow was absolutely color-blind; to him green and red looked alike.

Similar cases of color-blindness are not unusual, as I myself have experienced when a lot of nice looking boys were pointed out to me as **green** freshmen, while a number of Juniors were said to look **blue** (they came from the examination room where an old professor had tried to find out what they did not know). I also remember a bunch of Seniors (each holding a roll of sheep's skin in his paws, it being graduation day) declaring openly that they saw the whole world in bright **red** tints, and it was a miserable, nasty, foggy day with no color about except a dingy gray. I never understood why these three groups of students should be thus related to the three primary colors: red, green and blue.

There must be something peculiar about colors, a kind of make belief, as one sees on the stage when the chorus girls appear dressed in white, while during the next few minutes they dance before your eyes, arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow, without you having noticed that they had changed their diminutive garments.

The Birth of the Autochrome Plate—Continued

Yes, color is something very peculiar and the man who wanted to invent a process for taking photographs in natural colors surely was up against it.

Fortunately some so-called scientist had unraveled the mysteries surrounding light, color, tints and shades. And the inventor read up on these subjects like many others had done before him. But where they had failed he succeeded and I think he could not help it, because his name was Lumière. He was born with that luminous name and so he had the advantage over all the men who had tried it and had come into this world with names like Jones or Smith.

The plan to go about in making color photographs suggested itself one day to Monsieur Lumière when he walked through a museum and looked at some fine specimens of mosaic, made up of little pieces of colored stones; and also at a beautiful piece of embroidery that was hanging up against a wall. He noticed that, while close by, he saw nothing but hundreds and thousands of little bits of colored stone, or of colored silks which meant nothing at all, from a distance these individual dots disappeared and the eye took in the picture represented by the mosaic or the embroidery.

Now, it occurred to Mons. Lumière, that if the surface of a plate were completely covered with a mixture of minute particles, dyed in the three primary colors—red, green and blue—then if he could, through some photographic process leave on the glass surface those colored particles which were to enter into the building up of the picture, while those particles not necessary were to be taken away, or at least rendered invisible to the eye, then the process of photographing in natural colors would become a reality.

So the first step was to get the powder to be dyed, and he selected starch for that purpose. The granules of starch are so infinitesimally small that it takes over a hundred millions of them to cover one of the plates I use, which are 4 x 5 inches, i. e., 20 square inches.

You may ask how I know that there are over a hundred millions of these granules and my answer is that I have counted them myself. I admit that I did not count over the whole surface of my plate, because it would have taken a little too much of my time. Bearing in mind that the year has only 31,536,000 seconds, it follows that it would have taken me three years two months and a few days to get through with the job, provided I had kept on counting day and night, Sunday included. But having adopted the eight-hour rule of the labor unions it would have taken over ten years of my life to do the work. In point of fact, I accomplished the task in about five minutes, by simply counting under the microscope a single row of the granules, one-tenth of an inch in length, finding the number to be 230; which gives for a surface of one-tenth of an inch square 52,900 particles and for one of my plates of 20 square inches, 105,800,000 granules.

The Birth of the Autochrome Plate—Continued

I mention all this not with the view of giving a lesson in arithmetic but to impress even a dull mind (and examinations for the degree of M.D. are very apt to render dull even an otherwise bright intellect) with the difficulties Mons. Lumière had to overcome in spreading this enormous number of granules, evenly divided, over the glass surface. But he did it and does it every day, and over this layer of colored starch granules, imbedded in transparent varnish, he spreads a sensitized silver emulsion such as is used on ordinary photographic plates. This then is that wonderful plate called an Autochrome, upon which the image of any object, subject, scene or scenery may be fastened with marvelous fidelity to color.

It is done by first selecting the proper subject such as a street-urchin or a September morn; a picturesque object such as a nigger-shanty or the Washington capitol; a scene such as the celebrated Jones' falls or a sunset-sky dipped in an ocean of fire.

Any old thing will do. You just set up your camera, do a little focussing and press the bulb. Of course conditions of light must be the proper ones and the time of exposure must be absolutely correct. This means if the time required should be seven seconds and a half, do not think that seven or eight seconds will give you equally good results. How to find the exact exposure time I will not tell you, because I don't know it myself, and I have made over a thousand exposures during these last seven years, since color photography was made possible. The process of developing is very easy. You take the exposed plate to your dark-room, and this means a really dark room; not one that has a mass of red light. Here you have previously arranged about a dozen of trays containing various standardized chemical solutions and wash-waters, all of a temperature not below 60° and not above 61° F., and through these different baths you pass your plate, keeping time by counting the seconds for each bath, or better still, have some one standing outside, keeping tab and calling time.

After the lapse of about 155 seconds the operations are completed; you can turn on your light and examine the plate. I did not mention that there are about a dozen or more other points during the whole operation where a little mistake is possible. And if you make one you will find that your picture is n. g.—you just have a piece of dirty glass and a lot of sad experience.

But if you had photographed the right object in the right light with the correct time of exposure and did all the manipulations in absolute darkness correctly, then you should have a work of art and beauty that will be a joy forever.

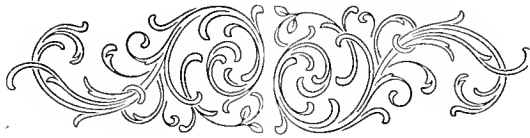
I take it for granted that the reader has now a clear idea of all that relates to color photography. But to sum up in a few words how the color image is

The Birth of the Autochrome Plate—Concluded

created I might use the answer given by a sculptor, when asked as to how he converted a block of marble into a work of art. He said it was done by simply cutting away those portions of marble not forming a part of the statue.

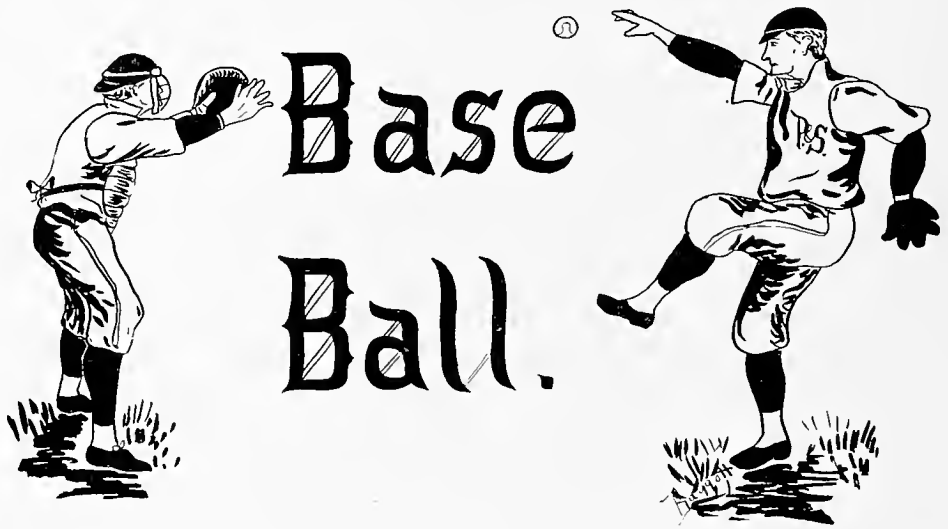
Similarly, on the Autochrome plate there are eliminated (i. e., rendered black completely or partially) those of the hundred millions of colored granules which do not enter into the formation of the image, while those particles which form the picture are laid bare or rendered visible.

But while the sculptor accomplishes his task with the chisel, the formation of the color image is brought about spontaneously by the mechanical forces of nature. However, as after all, nature is the great artist, the work produced by her on the Lumière plate in many instances, reaches the most brilliant achievements of the artists' hand.



Two Bills

The Stork is a bird with
A great big bill,
He brings us the babies
Whenever he will;
Then comes the doctor
And when he is thru,
We find that he has a
Big Bill too,



O gaze on the opposite page and to behold the veterans of the baseball season of 1914, is to form a mental picture of the many hard battles in which they engaged to uphold the prestige of the College of P. & S. on the one hand, and that of the Class of 1916 on the other. How well they upheld both is too well known to need extensive or magnifying comment. Hampered as they were by the lack of time and facilities, they can justly lay claim to having done remarkably well.

It is to be deplored that several members of the team were not given more opportunity to display their prowess in the national game, for it is certain that some big league scout would have picked them up and put them in the way of easy money. Had such opportunity been afforded, it is undoubted that our Class would have suffered irreparable loss.

Outside of the individual stars on the team (of course there were no others), there were other influences that contributed greatly to our strength on the diamond. Principal among these was the spirit of good will and good fellowship, due to the fact that our team was essentially of the Class, by the Class and for the Class, and the work of the team was therefore considered as indicative of our ability as a Class. Under such conditions, it was not surprising that we had the hearty support of our classmates. The alacrity with which they rallied to our support and the zeal evinced by them at all times, however, is worthy of special note and most commendable indeed.

Our annual game with the Freshmen passed off quietly and uneventfully. There was much spirit shown on either side but it was taken in good part generally. Of course the Freshies were somewhat chagrined and indignant at their defeat but they might have known it was inevitable.



Baseball Team



A Close Play at First

Hypnotism as an Aid to the Doctor



IN the endeavor to present something interesting and at the same time different from that published in previous editions of the CLINIC, the interesting subject of Hypnotism suggested itself, but as I cannot claim experience along this line I must of necessity depend upon the work of others. The more I studied the subject the more I became convinced that Hypnotism could be used as a valuable aid to the doctor not only in medicine but in surgery.

The Hypnotic state is a partial sleep of the motor side of the nervous system and of portions of the sensory system.

The history of hypnotism dates back to the early ages, but, as it is understood at the present day, begins at the end of the eighteenth century, when Mesmer in Paris gave demonstrations of what afterwards was called Mesmerism. That Mesmer was able to produce hypnotic results is quite certain, but unfortunately, he allowed a certain amount of Charlatanism to creep in, which, of course, acted as a set back to science's advance along these lines.

That this subject has been well thought of by many brilliant medical minds is evidenced by the fact that many times we see mention of it in papers read before medical societies, one of the latest being that of Dr. George H. Savage, F.R.C.P., in his Harveians Oration, in this he says: * * * "that while many results similar to those obtained by hypnotism may be attained without it, yet in many cases the results would be better with than without the aid of hypnotism."

Many performances of hypnotism are recorded in which remarkable reactions have taken place acting on the suggestion of the operator; e. g., such as improving memory, particularly as to past events, and it is a common observation, to suggest that at a certain time the bowel be relieved, such action, according to reports, invariably occurs.

In the early days of the development of this treatment, we learn of Dr. Esdaile performing surgical operations under Mesmeric influence. In 1821 it is recorded the "Recamier" performed an operation with the patient under Mesmeric sleep.

It has been said against hypnotism that it treats symptoms and does not treat disease, but if symptoms can be alleviated one goes a long way to curing the disease. If for instance pain is disturbing digestion, rest and general mental capacity, the relief of pain places the patient on an altogether different footing from which he was before.

Professor Forel, in an article on Hypnotism some twenty years ago, said that while it is by no means a panacea for all nervous affections and unfortunate habits, he found it to be an extremely valuable help in the treatment of many forms of functional nervous diseases.

It must be recognized in all cases that when the subject does not freely accept the treatment no therapeutic result will follow.

The most suitable maladies for hypnotic treatment are the neurosis, nervous complaints, in which no anatomical cause is demonstrable. It is of course to be remembered that in treating the patient suffering from a moral disorder a physician should never do or say anything in which the patient would not assent to while in waking moment. It may be well to mention here that it has been the experience of all who have been working along these lines that it is impossible to influence a person to do what is alien to his training and inheritance.

The condition possible to be reached through the medium of hypnotism, namely, that of suggestion is one to my mind of importance to the physician, and it is through this means he may be able to remedy certain abnormal conditions simply by suggestion; he may be able to conjure ideas so vividly as to make their effects felt even in the involuntary organic functions. I might again remark, that such suggestion will be only acted upon which finds favor with the subject. If the suggestions refer to certain delicate subjects the patient will, although unconsciously, refuse to act.

Delivery has been described by Ramon y Cajal as occurring under hypnotic suggestion without pain or trouble. Several other workers have described labor carried through satisfactorily during hypnosis.

Today one is constantly seeing articles on "Twilight Sleep," not only in medical but in public press, and after reading the treatment and results obtained, one is inclined to think that hypnosis plays an important part. While it is quite true that Scopolamine and Morphine have their quieting effects, yet it cannot be denied that the expectant mothers are so keyed up to the thought that there will be no memory of pain, that the hypnotic suggestions play a most important part in the actual delivery. In fact, it has been said that the same results could be obtained without the use of the drugs; these drugs, many writers say, act injuriously to the child.

Lack of space forbids me to go further into this most interesting subject, and in presenting this article, I hope that my readers may become further interested in this subject with profit to themselves, and in the event of their becoming successful operators, eternal gratitude from their patients. I will close my article with a partial word from Dr. James J. Walsh, formerly Dean and Professor of Functional Nervous Diseases of Fordham University, who says: "The subject well deserves further study, but investigations should be carefully made by men who realize the dangers, and who are not likely to be tempted to exploit patients and curious psychological phenomena for the sake of sensational reputation."

IGNATIUS P. A. BYRNE, '16.

The Creation of Woman

Plot of the Poem



RECIAN mythology states that Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, sprang full-armed from the head of Jupiter. She was later sent to earth to investigate conditions and upon her recommendation, Jupiter created the beautiful Pandora as a companion for the lone man found upon our sphere. Equipped with various gifts from the gods, Pandora was conveyed to earth, but she soon discovered a jar in the house of her creator Epimetheus which contained many noxious articles for man. Her curiosity soon overcame her and she opened the jar, when a multitude of plagues for hapless man, such as gout, rheumatism, colic, envy, spite and revenge, escaped. The doctors and lawyers have thus been kept busy ever since.

Later at the nuptials of Pelus and Thetis the gods were all invited with the exception of Eris, or Discord, who was so enraged that she threw a golden apple amongst the guests with the label "For the Fairest." Juno, Venus and Minerva each claimed the apple, but finally decided to allow Paris to judge of the question as to who was the fairest. The quarrel which this choice occasioned was said to have brought on the Trojan war.

Poem

The Græco-Roman records state
That Zeus ruled o'er Olympus.
Fair Juno was his loving mate,
His daughter they called Venus.

He soon grew tired of Heaven
alone,

And so without confusion
Minerva pierced his frontal bone,
Without fracture or contusion.

Full-armed she sprang from out
his brow,

And journeying to our sphere,
She found a man without a
"Frau"

And thought this rather queer.

So back to Jupiter she flew,
And told him what was miss-
ing,

Man soon would die on Earth she
knew
Without occasional kissing.

And so the king of sky and earth
Produced a lovely creature
For man's delight, and joy, and
mirth,
He modeled every feature.

He carved the limbs, and bust,
and hips,
From curves that Venus taught
him,
The soft and pouting blood-red
lips,
The fair Minerva brought him.

When all her graceful curves
were made
He called the child Pandora.
His debt to man was fully paid
By sending this senora.

This was indeed the golden age
It would have lasted longer
If Zeus had made Pandora's cage
Considerably stronger.

Alas! she could not stand the
strain,
She must peep in the casket,
And so all human ills and pains
Escaped from out this basket.

To add a clirax to our woe,
And soothe an ancient grudge,
Three women held a beauty show
With Paris for the judge.

Minerva, wise, and Venus, fair,
And Juno, both forsooth,
All craved the apple in his care,
And asked the naked truth.

This golden fruit that Discord
gave,
For the fairest of the three
Soon caused them on this ques-
tion grave
To entirely disagree.

So Paris gave the fateful prize,
And tried to do his duty.
He gazed into a goddess' eyes
And honored love and beauty.

But Juno and Athene wise
Would neither stand for this
They tried to scratch each oth-
er's eyes
And put things all amiss.

The quarrel that was started then
Has lasted till today,
Oh! be the theme of my weak
pen
To drive such feuds away.

If I had acted such a part
When asked to state my choice,
I should have calmed my beat-
ing heart
And lifting up my voice.

Have said "This apple in three
parts
I'll cut without delay,
Take each a piece my dear sweet-
hearts
And let me go my way."



The Lost Ulna



FIVE hours of drudgery over Cunningham's anatomy had passed. The pealing of the church bells announcing the new day aroused the student to a realization of his tired brain and to the necessity of getting a few hours' rest before the usual routine at College. Besides, his eyes refused to remain open, and his mind no longer appreciated the intricacies of Osteology. Taking a last look at the olecranon and coronoid processes, and the greater and lesser sigmoid cavities, he disgustingly threw the ulna aside and prepared for a trip to the land of dreams.

After restlessly tossing around in bed for what to him seemed hours, he finally passed into a half wakeful doze. From this vague state of unconsciousness he was suddenly aroused by a peculiar crackling sound which seemed to proceed from his skeleton box. He sat up in bed; and as his startled gaze followed the direction of the sound, he was amazed to see the lid on the box pushed aside, and the various bones rising spontaneously, assuming their proper anatomical position to form a fully articulated skeleton. He crouched with fear into the furthest corner of his bed and pulled the covers over his head to escape the sight of the ghastly picture, but the hollow orbits of the weird figure penetrated the sheets and struck terror to the Freshman's heart. He felt rather than saw that the phantom was approaching his bedside. The suspense was agonizing. Soon, his sheet was drawn from under him and when the covers were drawn aside he opened his mouth to emit a scream, but it died at its birth in his throat. There, in front of him, revealed by the moonlight shining in through his window stood the horrible form shrouded in his sheet, glaring at him with sightless sockets and pointing at its missing ulna. The student, frozen with fear, was seized with an irresistible impulse to follow the uncanny object as it made for the door.

Through barred doors and crooked paths the shadow of death glided, followed by the terror-stricken student who tried in vain to attract attention, in the deserted streets. His throat was dry; not a sound could he utter. At one moment he was chilled to the bone, and the next he was covered with a cold, clammy sweat. Nothing broke the power of the grim figure ahead. The Freshman was led on by a mysterious force over which he had no control. Finally, the spectre made a pause before the College door. Then up the stairs the gruesome figure clambered; through locked doors they went; up, up the flights of stairs and into the dissecting room they passed.

What a horrible, uncanny picture met the bewildered student's gaze. The room was ablaze with red and green lights which seemed to emanate from the ghostly eyeballs of the assembled cadavers disposed in various attitudes around a long banquet table. With stealthy steps the frightened intruder hid unseen beneath the water trough. Such howling screeching wild sound he had never heard in all his life!

On a raised platform at the head of the table, dressed in a red mantle, sat the master of ceremonies. As the student watched it closely he perceived that it was the foul fiend himself presiding at the festive board. And what a banquet, for the choice bits served were morsels of human flesh which the company found fiendish delight in tearing from the bones. On closer scrutiny the student saw on a separate platter before each guest a head. As these were raised triumphantly one after another before his eyes he recognized that they were the heads of his fellow classmates. His brain reeled; he was growing faint. Then he thought about the skeleton that brought him there, and looking around he saw it still searching for its lost ulna.

He was trembling with fear, yet he courageously turned his head in the direction of the cadaverous table. Suddenly, his eyes became fixed on one particular corpse. It was taking a head out of a specimen jar. The horrified student half arose from his hiding place to get a better view. As the grinning wretch brought the head under the light the student recognized his own features. With one blood-curdling scream, he fell back into his hiding place. The lights of the sockets went out instantaneously as if by magic, and every orbit was turned in his direction. He made one mad ineffectual effort to reach the door, just as the skeleton with the lost ulna grabbed him. Fiercely he struggled to get away, but to no avail. The demon had him by the throat, he was choking—he gave himself up for lost.

His alarm clock went off; and with a start he opened his eyes to see a familiar face bending over him and a soothing hand loosened the collar of his night-shirt. He was in his own room, and beside him was his room-mate laughing knowingly at the ludicrous sight the crest-fallen embryo doctor made. The poor student then realized he had fallen a victim to the ravings of his own distorted brain.

T. H. M., '15.



CALENDAR

- Oct. 1—"Side by each other again," plus six Freshmen.
Oct. 2—Freshmen carry home their bones. Bloom Bros. arrive and leave same day.
Oct. 3—Dr. Stokes first lecture to Sophomores.
Oct. 4—Sunday; "Bill" Hearn goes to church.
Oct. 5—Dr. Jones lectures to vacant chairs. Freshmen Class growing: 10
Oct. 6—Dr. Stone gives Juniors fatherly talk.
Oct. 7—Holiday; death of Dr. Opie.
Oct. 8—First autopsy by Junior Class.
Oct. 9—Ball game at Albaugh's.
Oct. 10—Dr. Gillis' advice to Juniors: "Attend Class."
Oct. 11—Cooper goes chestnutting with one of fair sex.
Oct. 12—Freshmen enter into mysterious wall of dessecting room.
Oct. 13—Dr. Chamber's Surgery: "It makes no difference whether a man is killed by a dum-dum bullet or a cannon ball, the fact is—he is killed."
Oct. 14—Syrop starts eating at the Blackstone; must be looking for an "ad."
Oct. 15—McKenzie elected President of Senior Class, also wins a stethoscope.
Oct. 16—Osteology quiz arouses within one "Freshie" a longing for home.
Oct. 17—Freshmen have a fistic election which is taken to the court house for a decision.
Oct. 18—"Bill" Hearn does "Billy" Sunday stunt—takes Peck to church.
Oct. 19—Blood in the eyes of Sophomores, chilly weather for the Freshies.
Oct. 20—Most of Seniors attending lectures at court house.
Oct. 21—Juniors have election of Class Officers.
Oct. 22—Freshmen sort of shaky; something brewing.
Oct. 23—Old CLINIC Board resigns, new one elected.
Oct. 24—Freshmen, after a seven-day siege, elect Officers.
Oct. 25—"Gonnie" O'Neill steals to New York. Byrne lies awake all night waiting for his "frau" to come home.
Oct. 26—Sunday; "nothing doin'," street closed.

Calendar

Oct. 27—Dr. Jones warns: "Don't spit on red-hot stove, it generates $C O_2$."

Oct. 28—Dr. Hutchins delivers the Juniors 20 commandments on Surgical technique. Bro. Post is in training—his mustache.

Oct. 29—Somebody mentioned theatre night. New shipment of rabbits and cabbage for pasteur department.

Oct. 30—Jerusalem is bombarded by Junior Class with peanuts.

Oct. 31—Somebody gave Savannah a dime, now watch the girls.

Nov. 1—Baggott to Pre-medics: "Make a big line like this—reduce it—you see it is smaller."

Nov. 2—Sunday; "Bill" Byrne and "Buddy" Syrop plus two sisters are out star-gazing.

Nov. 3—Sophs had a one round, nobody hurt bout today, then the election proceeded.

Nov. 4—Somebody hits Dr. Lewis on head with piece of chalk—accident?

Nov. 5—"Billie" Bash says a dog's head, big as a calf's head, arrived from West Virginia for pasteur department—nothing new in head line from West Virginia.

Nov. 6—Beck caught flirting with a nurse—and he has a wife and two children.

Nov. 7—Lady rushes up to Pre-medic: "Doctor, please help my husband carry the baby to a doctor."

Nov. 8—CLINIC Board meets the Pre-medics.

Nov. 9—Sunday again, nobody home.

Nov. 10—Lynch removes half a beer bottle from a man's leg, in the surgical section.

Nov. 11—Dr. H. S. Holland takes a two weeks' vacation. "Billie" Bash rides the ambulance. Some boy!

Nov. 12—Biddle, O'Brien, Flynn and Hege asleep in lecture room.

Nov. 13—Everybody wondering when Xmas exams begin.

Nov. 13—McGladigan receives one telegram, two special deliveries and four simple letters, all from "Some Girl."

No. 14—Beck selling supplies—peanuts, combs, brushes and rain coats—between lectures.

Nov. 15—Shirkey, yes he studied Saturday night. "Sol." putting up headquarters of his own beside the fountain of H_2O .

Nov. 16—Rain, Sunday and Monday.

Nov. 18—Everybody misses "Capt. Jack"—a warm spot that the Doctor could not take along.

Nov. 19—Dr. Sammy, Jr., reports rushing sale of books. If anybody sees Cannon, send him home.

Nov. 20—Eyestone goes out for an auto ride, "Some Girl." Just out, Wolf's mustache, everybody's doing it now.

Calendar

- Nov. 21—Drs. "Spike," Larson and Rusmiselle drop in for a few days.
- Nov. 22—Heavy day on the movies.
- Nov. 23—Sunday; everybody went to church.
- Nov. 24—"Bill" Flynn, "Pat" Foley, in mourning, the Irish lost two battleships—two brickyards closed.
- Nov. 25—Shetter looking around for a flat for three. Biddle bought a package of tobacco.
- Nov. 26—CLINIC decides to hold a play for Year Book: Lynch the Big Gun.
- Nov. 27—Bill Flynn out with the ladies. Johnson has his chorus out for rehearsal.
- Nov. 28—Callahan has a new pair of tans on today. McKenzie acknowledges the arrival of a gold cased thermometer from—(?)
- Nov. 30—Stansbury, as usual, goes to church.
- Dec. 1—Kearney spends the evening with the boys at No. 16 Co. of Fire Eaters.
- Dec. 2—Kyle announces having taken until himself the prettiest wife in West Virginia.
- Dec. 3—"Pat" Tierney takes in the Gayety with his friend, "Pat" McGladigan.
- Dec. 4—Dr. Dobbin gives a very interesting lecture to Juniors as to conduct (?)
- Dec. 5—Announcement—"Maid to Order" by CLINIC at Loyola Hall, December 14-15.
- Dec. 6—Saturday; Lynch and Foley take in the movies. "Sol." takes his wife to the country.
- Dec. 7—Sunday; Dr. Fort's lecture and quiz.
- Dec. 8—Everybody blue; rain and sleet and big battle won by Germans.
- Dec. 9—Dr. Locher putting up a stiff fight for an operating room for Junior Class.
- Dec. 10—Peterson, from Brockton, Mass.—also coaxing a mustache.
- Dec. 11—Misses Mitchel and McCollough rushing chances on a baby doll—your's next.
- Dec. 12—Rain again. Dr. Gillis shows his first CLINIC.
- Dec. 13—Sunday, still rain, but that does not stop Hearn from taking the girl to church.
- Dec. 14—Everybody dopping mid-year questions.
- Dec. 15—Lights not out until morning hours on Calvert and Biddle Sts.
- Dec. 16—Feldman has a new suit—some fire.
- Dec. 17—Fine show at Loyola on 14th, but a poor crowd.
- Dec. 18—Beck handling full line of obstetrical instruments—now Beck, be careful.
- Dec. 19—Anxiety throughout the student body. What will be asked? Does he grade closely?

Calendar

Dec. 20—Little groups standing around holding silent consultations regarding the big days.

Dec. 23—Exams over, everybody leaving for home except "Dutch"—why?

Jan. 2—"Bill" Lynch returns early.

Jan. 3—Sunday; snow storm.

Jan. 4—Students coming in all toggled out in new socks, neckwear and clean kerchiefs.

Jan. 5—Aikman returns minus his "frat" pin. Maybe he lost it?

Jan. 6—Half of the students back. Third year sections change.

Jan. 7—Feldman puts on a half-inch pressure bandage on patient's limb.

Jan. 8—Special section manikin work about to be postponed but Foley comes to the rescue.

Jan. 9—"Pete" Stewart comes back to town. Dr. Greenfield meets his new section, "The Dirty Dozen."

Jan. 10—Sunday again, rain; nobody out.

Jan. 11—Dr. Flora calls the roll, unexpectedly. Someone stole Beck's eye piece.

Jan. 12—Paul Steele makes his appearance. Kearney has a fair one out for exercise.

Jan. 13—Dr. Gardner advises some "laggers" to come to Class once in a while.

Jan. 14—Shirkey causes a riot in Ophthalmology and we have our "suspicions," said O'Brien.

Jan. 15—Dr. Friedenwald has his first Clinic; Dr. Stacey Noland handles the tube.

Jan. 16—Special operative Surgery Class booming—broke two dozen needles. Hertzog spends the evening among the fair ones.

Jan. 17—Sunday; some nice day; some nice girls.

Jan. 18—New cake of soap in dissecting room.

Jan. 19—Stoner, Lieutenant of Dr. McCleary, takes a half day off to play his trombone.

Jan. 20—What happened to Cannon, Shirkey, St. Lawrence and Kyle?

Jan. 21—Room 35, Scene: Dr. Chas. Simon hurles piece of chalk: "Hey there, Biddle, wake up."

Jan. 22—Friday; 600 Block North Calvert St.; time 1.24 P. M.; blow-out, left front wheel; Ford; owner, Dr. Sanger.

Jan. 23—Lupton and Foxwell take in the Gayety.

Jan. 24—Sunday; shop closed.

Jan. 25—Miss Mitchel twenty minutes late this morning. "You had the boys worried."

Jan. 26—Dr. Charles Simon tells Special Section a story of miles.

Jan. 27—Dr. Rosenthal takes poor Flynn over the coals.

Jan. 28—Dr. Samuels does not meet Special Section.

Calendar

- Jan. 29—"Bill" Bash and friends have a rat killing, bagged 8¢.
- Jan. 30—La Rue and Montgomery start in the soda water business.
- Jan. 31—Sunday; nice day out; also Stewart, a Pre-medic had a nice girl out.
- Feb. 1—Who started the fight in dissecting room—and McClintock is such a nice boy.
- Feb. 2—Briscoe takes his lady friend to the theatre.
- Feb. 3—Savannah called down by Dr. Greenfeld. Senior Symphony Orchestra rehearses in vestibule of College.
- Feb. 4—Dr. Gardner in a splendid humor this morning, tells a few jokes.
- Feb. 5—Somebody stole Martin's hat. Bash came in close touch with one of the other Seniors.
- Feb. 6—Saturday; Gott attends a dance and soils his reputation by flirting with a cross-eyed girl, but he claims she was beautiful.
- Feb. 7—Sunday; Johnson buys a paper.
- Feb. 8—Blue Monday. Nothing doing.
- Feb. 9—Dr. Cappage has a patient with malarial fever.
- Feb. 10—Seniors have a little row in Class.
- Feb. 11—Pre-medics becoming used to the cars and autos, but shy slightly when Dr. McGlone comes near.
- Feb. 12—Autopsy today.
- Feb. 13—McClintock wearing a new derby—another fire. Sternberg wears his new suit. Same fire.
- Feb. 14—Dunn and Cleary—some "hikers."
- Feb. 15—"The Dirty Dozen" cause Dr. Greenfeld to say naughty words.
- Feb. 16—Shirkey one-half hour late this morning, claims "Tubby" hid the soap.
- Feb. 17—Peck sees the movies between lectures.
- Feb. 18—Mahoney taking private instruction at telephone operating.
- Feb. 19—"And Along Came Ruth"—while Biddle, Aikman, Steele and "Stan," went on by.
- Feb. 20—Saturday; "Hege" announces eating his first breakfast in six years. Maybe he didn't arise till noon.
- Feb. 21—Sunday; few observe it.
- Feb. 22—Work on Surgical Operating room progressing rapidly under directions of Stoner, as chief; "Sol," as director.
- Feb. 23—Wolfe is on the sick list.
- Feb. 24—Clinic have some warm sessions.
- Feb. 25—Day before the 26th, news scarce.
- Feb. 26—? ? ? ? ? Cannon did it.
- Feb. 27—Dr. Uhlman tells Sophs it takes brains to study the brain.
- Feb. 28—Last day of February and Wheaton and Clark take advantage of it, and Sunday combined; again some girls.

Calendar

March 1—"Syrop" rides to School in an auto. Dr. Mayer, alias "Kid," is sick. Poor "Kid," we all like you and only hope that you will be back soon.

March 2—Mathai feels an ear in a breech presentation and applies the forceps.

March 3—"Sammy" Gott out all night on a case. War news creates some scene in Room 33.

March 4—Howard plays part of movies today; his ambition fell, so did the carbon.

March 5—"Gonnie" takes a trip home to see his mother. Kyle transformed from a "Duke" into a plain, every-day man.

March 7—Monday; "Sol." puts out his washing. Dr. Rosenthal notifies Class as to extent of their knowledge in diagnosis (?)

March 8—Narcotics under Harrison law strictly observed in dispensary.

March 9—Biddle makes his announcement to take place the first of June. Luck with you.

March 10—Dr. Rusmiselle visits the P. & S.

March 11—Dr. Charles Simon away for his health.

March 12—Levi out for an outing with a fair one.

March 13—Unlucky 13. Nothing doing.

March 14—Stansbury induces Perry to attend church.

March 15—Shelter unable to attend lectures; wife washing; baby is cutting teeth.

March 16—"Dirty Dozen" happy—all by Greenfeld's exam.

March 17—Where was Compton when the dog died?

March 18—Dog's in fine condition this morning, but poor, unfortunate Beck, and he is losing sleep.

March 20—Saturday; again someone said let's go in Room 35, the Soph "rookies" went.

March 21—Dr. Douglas Crane, of the Mercy Hospital, takes in Mt. Royal avenue sights.

March 22—"Gonnie" O'Neill bombards the College entrance.

March 23—Case of scarlet fever in dispensary this A. M.

March 24—Gonzales and Morales takes back seats in Class today. Big night last night (?)

March 25—Book goes to press and, if you get sore, am sorry I didn't write more.



:: **Retrospection** ::



I sit me down by the fireside,
Where I watch the embers glow,
And conjure up old mem'ries,
Of the days of long ago.

Back to the scenes of Childhood,
On memory's wings I speed,
Tasting anew those pleasures,
That memory alone can breed.

Back to the valley of sunshine,
Through blooming field and grove,
Where every breath of sweet, pure air
Holds the spirit true of love.

Over steep and rugged hillsides,
Through woods and meads I tread,
Oft' stopping in silent wonder
At the beauties about me spread.

Then down by the marshy brookside,
Where the thick clustered alders grow
And brush and heaped up drift-wood,
Obstruct the little brook's flow.



Retrospection

And anon, as I hear its low murmurings,
With that sweetness, unequaled in song,
My heart fills with happiest yearnings
And I long to break forth from the throng—

And to seek those sweet shades so endearing,
Those scenes which in childhood I sought,
To commune with the beauties of nature,
As then, free from evil's dark thought.

He who drinks at the fountains of nature
Gains a health that will never decay;
Sweet innocence and enduring affection,
That will lighten life's pains day by day.

He sees in each flower and creature
A symbol of God's holy might,
And he marvels, and into his bosom
Creeps a feeling that is not of fright.

But rather that spirit confiding,
That driveth all fear away,
And leaveth sweet peace and contentment,
Dire trouble and grief to allay.

E. P. D., '16.



Success in the Practice of Medicine



THIS spring it is just twenty-five years since I graduated in Medicine. During that time I have been thrown into fairly intimate contact with a great many young men who like myself entered upon their career full of hope and with visions of success. Some of these have reached the goal which they had in view at the outset, others are still striving, and still others have fallen by the wayside. The training which these various men had received before their start in life had not been the same in all. Some had had the very best educational advantages, others had received a very meagre outfit with which to face the world. When I ask myself whether the cause of success of the one and the lack of success of the other can be attributed to such differences in education, I cannot say that this factor has always, nay even usually, been decisive. I have seen men with splendid training fail absolutely and utterly, and I have seen others with a meagre educational equipment succeed beyond all expectation.

But understand me correctly, I do not by any means wish to under-rate the importance of a thorough medical training. Where the necessary gray matter, moreover, is lacking success will of necessity be wanting. But there are manifestly other factors which are necessary to determine success, and factors in the absence of which success will at best only be mediocre.

When you listen to the old folks speaking affectionately of the old family physician, now dead and gone, and lament over the new order of things, the one factor above all which they have in mind, is not the difference in knowledge or skill, for in both, the modern physician of even average ability stands superior to the practitioner of fifty, or even twenty-five years ago. Nay, it is something altogether, it is the element of personal interest, in other words, the element of heart as contrasted with head, it is the element of genuine sympathy and of loving kindness toward those in affliction. I have often wondered how few of the medical students and interns nowadays see the real romance of the medical profession, how relatively indifferent their feelings are toward the patients in their care. But I would impress upon

you that if your patient is nothing more to you than a number, nothing more than a source of revenue, success will not await you. Look about you and pick out those men in our midst who have attained success and you will pick out the very men toward whom you yourselves no doubt will feel drawn, while the purely skillful men after all leave you cold.

The man who has entered upon the study or practice of medicine with the one idea predominating, viz., to make money, to become a leader amongst his colleagues, will reach his goal, if at all, only after long years of relative disappointment; while he who has started with the intention above all of alleviating human suffering and of becoming a guide to his fellowmen, along the paths of clean living and of good will toward mankind, will earn the esteem and love of those with whom he may be thrown in contact.

To be sure many of the personal attributes which lead to success of this order are attributes that are inborn, and it stands to reason that he will be more apt to succeed whose feelings toward his patients and mankind are naturally those of love and good will. Much, however, may be accomplished even by him who is not so fortunately endowed by nature, by ever trying to see the individual in his patient, by trying to discover what is good in him, and by endeavoring to help him not only in his physical, but also in his moral and his mental needs. So many, many times it is a friendly hand, rather than medical aid which a patient needs, and no one has the opportunity more frequently than the physician of extending this to those in distress and misfortune. In turn he will receive the affection and the esteem of his patients, and what is more, he will reap a reward that is preferable to all others; viz., personal happiness, based upon a knowledge that he is living to a purpose, that he is doing his duty toward his fellow men.

CHARLES E. SIMON.





The "Frat" Pin



It was in the town of R——, where Jack Carlton began his career as a medical student, uneventful except the experience of every man in any medical school who is limited financially. Jack was of the clean cut type, good student, brilliant and possessed a charming personality. Because of his diplomacy he was much loved by all. It was said that Jack had not an enemy, yet with so many admirable qualities, he could say a whole souled "damn" should the occasion arise.

One day shortly after entering the College he had an occasion to pass a hospital ward, which was connected with the College, and seeing one of the nurses, remarked: "Brown, did you ever see such a beauty? I certainly would like to know her."

Valerie Madison, the nurse about whom Jack Carlton spoke, came into his life when he entered the hospital ward of which she was then chief nurse. Valerie was a noble, sweet girl, who liked the companionship of the manly man. Her love for the good and beautiful qualities of human nature made her one of those unusual women, the type which attract real men. Aside from her serious nature, she was always animated and usually humorous.

One day a "Prof" just after his clinic, spoke to Valerie Madison, and said: "I would suggest that all students wear white suits into the wards, which can be put on before entering. There is less danger of spreading disease, a greater protection to patient and students, and besides, a uniformity in appearance." Valerie agreed with the Professor, but told him the hospital would not supply the suits. He then advised her to tax each student the sum necessary for the required outfits. Valerie was pleased with this idea and approached one of the men, who happened to be Jack. She asked him if he

The "Frat" Pin—Continued

would not assist her to collect the money for the suits. Always most courteous, Jack promised to do his utmost, and before long his enthusiasm brought success. In a short time he had collected several hundred dollars, which enabled them to buy the needed suits. By this time he had succumbed to Valerie's charms. He told her how much pleasure he had derived in her presence and regretted that it had ended so soon. He impulsively asked if he might call on her. Their friendship rapidly developed into love and about the time of his graduation he told her of his devotion, and asked her to always wear his "Frat" pin as a token of his friendship. He told her that it would be but a few short months before he would be with her again. Although he promised to return soon, they both felt an unmistakable presentiment which chilled their hearts.

Jack located in a Texas town and after six months of hard work with no stable income, poor collections, became very discouraged. The old physicians promised to assist him and begged him to remain but they failed to keep their promises. He became so depressed, that he would not write Valerie of his failure. Gradually his letters to her grew shorter, and very impersonal and finally ceased. He felt that it was impossible to write to her of his failure, after picturing to her a wonderful future for the two of them. He thought it would be better to let her believe him unfaithful. Valerie keenly felt Jack's indifference but thinking he was so busy in his profession, trusted him still. However, when he discontinued writing altogether her pride would not allow her to write again. The "Frat" pin was still in her possession; she had sent it to Jack's address, but it had been returned. One day several months afterwards she discovered that the pin was missing, and hoping to recover the invaluable token, she advertised for it, but without success.

Two years had passed and the pin had not yet been found. Valerie had lost all hope of its recovery, when one day the 'phone rang and a former class-mate of Jack's asked for Miss Valerie Madison. It was Dr. Rodney speaking and he told her that he had something of interest to tell her and asked permission to call. Just one-half hour later Dr. Rodney was seated in Valerie's living-room, and began telling her the story of the lost pin.

The "Frat" Pin—Continued

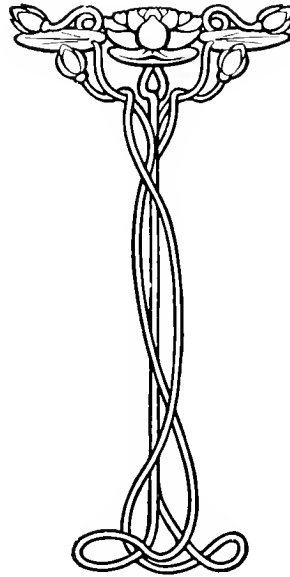
Two weeks before, one of the "Frat" brothers, Dr. Thom, had occasion to inspect the B. & C. telephone exchange and as he passed one of the operators he was much surprised to see her adorned with the emblem "Φ Β Π". His curiosity led him to approach the young lady and ask if he might look at the pin. In a displeased manner she placed the pin in his hand. Turning it over he saw engraved "Jack Carlton, '10." More than surprised, he asked her how she came by the pin. The girl by this time was thoroughly indignant, but replied frigidly that she had found it two years before. "Thom" apologized to her for being so abrupt, and explained that curiosity had prompted him to make the inquiry, as he was a brother of that "Frat." He knew to whom the pin belonged, consequently he asked for her name and address, and she promised that she would return the pin to the owner, when called for.

Dr. Thom occasionally called on Miss Gaither, in whom he was much interested, and had it not been for Jack Carlton's photo in her living room she would probably have been Mrs. Thom years ago. One of the thorns in Dr. Thom's flesh was the thought that Miss Gaither was in love with Jack Carlton and he hadn't a chance. A few days after discovering the "Frat" pin, he entered a street car and was surprised to see Miss Gaither. "You are just the person whom I wish to see," he exclaimed, "I have good news for you. The Fraternity pin which Jack Carlton gave you has been found." She blushed and with surprise, said that she was not so fortunate as to have possessed one and asked him to kindly explain the mystery. He then told her of Jack's photograph, which he had seen in her living-room, which he had naturally supposed indicated more than mere friendship. Miss Gaither seemed much amused, and for the first time understood his attitude toward her. He was really jealous of Jack's photograph. Miss Gaither explained to Dr. Thom that the photograph of Jack did not belong to her, but her sister had gotten it through a friend and because she liked a good looking photograph, placed it in a frame. She then told Dr. Thom she had heard of Jack Carlton's interest in Valerie Madison and thought she was probably entitled to the pin. Dr. Thom was surprised and delighted to learn that the pin did not belong to Miss Gaither. In confusion he abruptly bade her goodbye, rushed down to Dr. Rodney's office and told him the story of the pin and what an important part it played in his future happiness.

The "Frat" Pin—Concluded

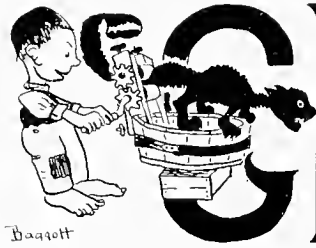
Valerie's pin was returned and shortly afterward a long letter arrived from "Jack," telling of his struggles, hardships and final success. He had located in a good town at last and had come into an elderly doctor's practice, who was just like a father to him. He begged forgiveness for his neglect and explained his actions and now his devotion to her every moment, for the rest of his life, would prove to her that his intentions were sincere and honest when he placed the "Φ Β Π" pin in her keeping.

E. B. M.





The Spring Maid



GRINDS

NOT A SPECIALIST IN OSCULATION.

DR. GREENFIELD—Name another variety of stomach ulcer.

McKAMIE—Kissing, Doctor.

DR. GREENFIELD—Don't know anything about kissing.

A CHALLENGE.

BYRNE—Say, how can I get over into the white male ward?

FOLEY (starting to take off coat)—Start something.

SPINAL COLUMN DEFINED

The subject of the hour was Physiology. After explaining the nature of the spinal column to the Class the Doctor said to a long, lanky, Irish youth: "Now, William Flynn, what is the spinal column?" After scratching his head thoughtfully for a minute and waiting for a noble Scotchman, David Aikman, to prompt him, he smilingly replied: "Well, Doctor, 'tis that thing runs up and down your back, your head sits on one end and your *pants* on the other."

SUCH A DIFFERENCE.

DR. GREENFIELD (giving specimens of Endocarditis for diagnosis)—What is this, Foley?

FOLEY—Endometritis, Doctor.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

DR. LOCHER—What preliminaries should a surgeon go through prior to an operation?

BAGGOTT—Take a bath.

HIS GENERAL COMPLAINT.

DR. RUHRAH (in quizzing on Infant Feeding)—What would you do if you were not getting enough to eat at your boarding house?

FOLEY—I would kick.

DR. RUHRAH—That's right, that's just what the baby did.

WHY?

DR. ROSENTHAL—My but I have a headache!

JUNIOR—No need for that, Doctor, plenty of young doctors here.

DR. ROSENTHAL—No, thanks; I prefer the headache.

IS IT LOVE?

O'NEILL (after taking History)—What is your name, Mr. Williams?

NO CHAMELEON.

STERNBERG (taking history of colored patient)—Do you have headache?

PATIENT—No, Doctor.

STERNBERG—Do you ever become jaundiced?

PATIENT—What do you mean?

STERNBERG—Do you ever turn yellow?

ACCORDING TO WHOM?

DR. MCCLEARY—What are voluntary and involuntary muscles?

FRESHMAN—Voluntary muscles are those in the lower leg and forearm. Involuntary muscles are those under the skin. Voluntary muscles make the arm bend forward. Involuntary muscles make the arm bend backward.

NOT TOO FAST, DOCTOR.

BYRNE (in dispensary)—A hem:—that looks well; couldn't expect it to be better getting along very—

PATIENT FINKELSTEIN—Huh, vots dot, dis vas the "dam" time I vas first here.

HIS LAST PULL.

DR. GREENFIELD (showing Saccular Aneurism).

EYESTONE—Could a man pull blood thru that?

DR. GREENFIELD—The last time he tried it, he couldn't.

OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

DR. FRIEDENWALD—Name the cause of intestinal obstruction.

LUPTON—Ring worm, Doctor.

SUBJECTIVE?

DR. COPPAGE—What do you get on palpating that lady's chest?

BECK—Sort of a funny feeling, Doctor.

PRESENT WORRIES SUPERSEDE PAST.

DR. MCGLANNAN (operating on man for Inguinal hernia under local anaesthesia)

How old are you?

PATIENT—Sixty-five.

DR. MCGLANNAN—What is your occupation?

PATIENT—A soldier.

DR. MCGLANNAN—Were you ever on the frontier?

PATIENT—Don't you worry about me and the frontier, you just watch out where you are cutting.

NOT LIKELY.

DR. FRIEDENWALD—What kind of enema would you give for chronic enteritis?

SHIRKEY—I wouldn't give any meat.

FOOD?

DR. FRIEDENWALD—What kind of food would you give patient with chronic diarrhoea?

MARTIN—Castor oil, Doctor.

A DISCOVERY!!!

DR. MCGLONE—What is the dermis?

STEWART—The dermis is one of the muscles of the brain.

"THE DEUCE YOU SAY!"

DR. SIMON—What are the constituents of the blood?

KEARNEY—Arteries and veins.

DR. FLECKENSTEIN—What do we mean by olfactory?

GOTT—Olfactory is the making or founding of the oleo.

HE KNOWS BETTER NOW.

DR. JENNINGS—Describe the trachea.

CLARK—The trachea is a lump which is formed in the neck and is known as the Adam's-apple.

DR. MCGLONE—What is a reflex action?

TIERNEY—Reflex action is the act of light being reflected from a mirror.

HAVE THE "BUGS" EVER BEEN DISCOVERED?

DR. JULIUS FRIEDENWALD—What infectious diseases have a bearing on appendicitis?

CANNON—Floating kidney.

HARDLY.

DR. RUHRAH—How do you prepare Barley water?

BAGGOTT—Use tablespoonful of oatmeal to the quart of water.

I wonder:

If the ileum became strangulated would the cecum to its aid?

If the dog star ever had the dipper tied to its tail.

If the lungs split their own rales.

If the heart block is square.

If after working day and night the heart murmurs.

If Aikman could generate more gas than Flynn providing both had the same amount of col-on.

If we can't have our Medium-Stein-al charged up to Adam and Eve.

If a woman refused to talk would the Mass-it-er.

If the ear plays its drum in the ilio-tibial band.

A BLOOD COMPARTMENT!

DR. JENNINGS—What is cartilage?

BRISCOE—Cartilage is a small blood compartment where red blood corpuscles are stored.

TOUGH, TOO, NO DOUBT.

DR. FLORA—What is bile?

COMPTON—It is the covering of the bones.

LASTING IMPRESSIONS.

DR. GREENFIELD—What is the mesoderm called?

SHIRKEY—Wharton's jelly.

LITTLE WONDER.

SAVANNAH—Gee, but that is a funny shaped liver.

DR. STRAUS—Yes; that's the shape of the jar it was in.

QUITE ENOUGH.

DR. FLOYD—This man jumped from a fourth-story window and ruptured his spleen.

BECK—Is that all he ruptured?

AND HE SAID?

DR. ROSENTHAL—How many sides has the pleura?

G. HEGE—Four, Doctor—outside, inside and two other sides.

DIDN'T QUITE CATCH IT.

DR. LOCHER—How would you prepare a patient with iodine?

O'NEILL—Apply it twice with a squab.

HISTORY SLIPS

Stuck nail in foot, no history of insanity.

Patient breaking out on left side of face.—COMPTON.

For the last twenty-one days a boil is developing in his left side of neck, is growing daily, pains a little bit, and is soft and more painful when it catches cold.

—STERNBERG.

Yes, dear, when we are married I will buy you an auto.

Oh! how lovely.

And a Victrola. Just grand!

And a nice little bungalow.

Oh! George, you are so kind.

With lots of nice trees around.

My, how happy I will be.

Later on then we'll cut the trees down.

Oh! no! why cut the trees down?

So we can have a little sun, dear.

HE—Woman, thou must die, thou hast been false; I shall kill thee.
SHE—Please, Oh please, save me!
HE—Nothing but the Baltimore police force can save thee.
SHE—Oh merciful father, I am lost!

A BIRTH(BERTH) MARK.

TUBBY just arrived from Xmas holidays.
CHORUS—What's wrong with your face, Tubbs?
TUBB—Oh nothing; that's a birth mark.
STUDENT—Birth mark! How's that?
TUBB—Got into wrong berth coming over last night.

A SLIGHT INCREASE.

RODGERS—Came over in sleeper "Lucille" last night. When we left we had twelve passengers; didn't take any more on, but when we arrived we had thirty-six.
BASH—How's that, "Ted"?
RODGERS—Don't you see Lucille had twenty-four berths.

HERTZOG—Is Jennie really a cousin of yours?
BRISCOE—She surely is; her grandpa and my grandpa were brothers.

HOW TO ORDER IN A RESTAURANT.

If you want mutton broth in a hurry, shout: "Baa-Baa in the rain! Make him run!"
Beefsteak and onions, shout: "John Bull! Make him a guinea!"
Baked potatoes, shout: "Mrs. Murphy in seal skin coat!"
Two fried eggs, not too hard, shout: "Adam and Eve in the garden, let their eyes open!"
Poached eggs on toast, shout: "Bride and groom on the raft!"
Chicken croquettes, shout: "Fowl ball!"
Hash, shout: "Gentlemen wants to take a chance!"
I'll have hash also, shout: "Another sport!"
Glass of milk, shout: "Let it rain!"
Franfurters and sauer kraut, good and hot, shout: "Fido, shep and a bale of hay, and let 'em sizzle!"

NOT GUILTY.

"Young man, don't you know that minors are not allowed in here?"
AIKMAN—You're wrong, Cap, I came from a mining town but I'm no minor.

WHAT WAS HE THINKING ABOUT?

DR. FLORA—Madden, tell us what you know of the differential diagnosis of pericarditis with effusion and pleurisy.

MADDEN—I read that chapter in Osler three times, Doctor, but couldn't get a thing out of it.

NOT A POST, BUT NEAR ONE.

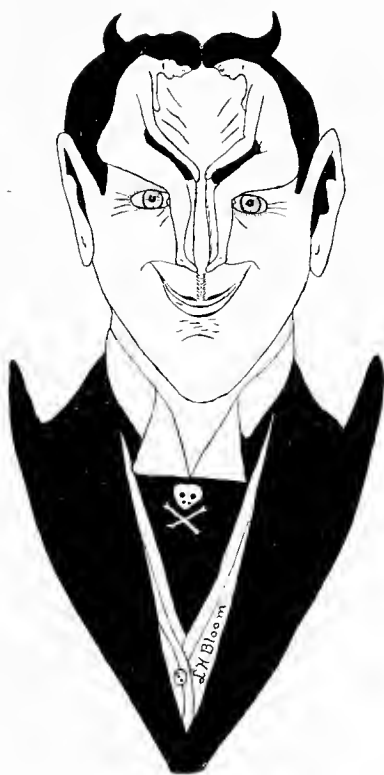
DR. LOCKWOOD—Mr. Hearn.

MR. HEARN—Here, Doctor.

DR. LOCKWOOD—Where are you?

MR. HEARN—Here, Doctor (holding up hand).

DR. LOCKWOOD—Oh! I see you now, I had you confused with the post.



The Ideal Physician

His Waiting Room, Office and Laboratory



THE Ideal Physician must be a polished gentleman, broad-minded, sympathetic, tender, level-headed and positive. He must have patience and be a careful observer and interpreter of signs and symptoms. Also gentle, courageous, self-confident, and use good judgment. A good character is one of the best assets that a physician can have. If the character is gone everything else is worthless. Be straight-forward, honest and observe the Golden Rule. The attitude of the physician toward the patient is of great importance, and special attention in this direction means success. He should always greet his patients with a smile, and treat them in a professional way, as though they were members of his own family. All patients that come under his care should receive the same attention. He should draw no line of distinction between the rich, poor, or those less fortunate than himself, in giving professional advice and treatment. He should have great respect for his patients, and must never reveal their troubles to anyone. All people are human and they should be treated like human beings. The secret of success is attention to details. If the little seemingly unimportant things are done well, there will be no trouble in doing the large things. The physician should pay much attention to his manner of dress. His general appearance and technique should be perfect, and he should endeavor to improve on it from day to day.

The waiting room should be well lighted, heated and ventilated. The selection of a room facing one of the principal streets might be the most satisfactory. Of all the rooms in the home this one should receive special care and attention. It should be kept clean, bright and cozy. First impressions go far toward moulding future opinions. Therefore this room should appeal to the comforts of the average patient, who might be called upon to spend some hours in waiting to receive medical attention. A door should open into the hallway, and one into the office. The general color scheme of this room should be white, for there is nothing that appeals to the spirit of comfort and cheer and adds to our conception of purity, as an environment of white. A large rug should cover the floor. The physician's diploma, pennants of his Alma Mater, together with helpful pictures are suggested as hangings for the walls of this room. A large library table, holding a vase of flowers, and the leading periodicals, should be in the center of the room. The chairs should be such as to offer the greatest comfort. Book-cases holding the latest books on science and literature, would add to the general appearance of the room.

The office should be situated between the waiting room and the laboratory. It should be well lighted, heated and ventilated. A door should open into a hallway and one into the laboratory. The floor should be made of tile. The general color scheme of this room should be white. There should be no pictures hanging on the wall nor any carpet or rugs on the floor. This room should be neatly furnished. It should contain a desk and office chair for the physician, one or two other chairs, an anæsthetizer's stool, two glass-top stands, two white enameled pails, one immersion bowl stand with three bowls, one large dust proof instrument case filled with instruments, operating chair or table, and lavatory with hot and cold water.

The laboratory is of great importance to the physician and all of his spare time should be spent in it doing research work. It should be well lighted, heated and ventilated. The floor should be made of tile. The general color scheme should be white. There should be no carpet or rugs on the floor. The contents of this room should be well arranged, and are as follows: If he does his own dispensing he should have a large glass dust-proof medicine cabinet, containing a large supply of the best drugs obtainable. He should also have another cabinet containing all the necessary chemicals and apparatus for making a complete urine and blood analysis, also chemicals and apparatus to do some bacteriological work. He should have a large laboratory table, and it should be so placed as to get the greatest amount of light. Upon the table should be placed a sterilizer, and a good microscope of the latest style. A lavatory with hot and cold water completes the furnishings of the laboratory.

The care of the waiting room, office and laboratory should be as follows: The floors of the office and laboratory should be thoroughly scrubbed several times a week with soap and hot water, and the rugs on the floor of the waiting room should be swept daily. The furnishings, woodwork, walls and ceilings should be dusted daily with a cloth made damp in a 1-500 carbolic acid solution. This must be done after closing the office for the day, or the following morning before office hours. The windows and doors should be screened during the season when flies and mosquitoes are present.

The writer of this paper has endeavored to describe, in a simple way, everything that goes to make up the ideal physician. Only the things considered essential have been mentioned. The physician, the waiting room, the office and the laboratory, as treated, go to make up the highest ideal in the medical profession.

F. A. BECK, '16.

DOCKES

The proper kind of hat for a medical student is a "stiff" hat.

"SOME COME-BACK."

DOCTOR—Here, Rastus, you forgot to pay me.

RASTUS—Pay you for what, Doc.?

DOCTOR—For my advice.

RASTUS—No, sah, I ain't gwine take it, sah.

ONE EFFECT OF WORDS.

Never look at an old maid's tongue to see if it is coated; you won't find grass on a race track.

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST.

The three degrees in medical treatment: Positive, ill; comparative, pill; superlative, bill.

NOT THE COLLEGE.

"Your son is a college graduate, isn't he?"

"Yes, but in justice to the college, I'll say he had no sense beforehand."

WHAT EVERY DOCTOR KNOWS.

That as long as he has a reputation, the mistakes he makes will never be held up against him.

That nine-tenths of the visits he makes are superfluous.

That it isn't wise to consult another doctor in the presence of the patient, it being better to come to a private understanding first.

That it is more profitable to cut than to cure.

That Nature, as a side partner, is pretty close to being the whole game.

That the best book on Surgery is the pocket-book.

That the best Doctors in the world, are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman.

That all quacks are not hatched from duck eggs.

That many an operation is "necessary" because the office rent is due.

I WONDER.

MISS JONES—Oh, Doctor, I am so nervous, I seem to feel that there is a man following me wherever I go.

DOCTOR—I wouldn't worry. Just walk where there is a good light, and you won't be molested.

A SUBSTITUTE.

When a patient has a fever, and there are no ice-bags to be had, tell the patient some ghost stories, and make his blood run cold. (This might be a valuable piece of information for nurses.)

WHICH?

PHYSICIAN—Have you any aches or pains this morning?

PATIENT—Yes, Doctor, it hurts me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath.

PHYSICIAN—I'll soon give you something to stop that.

? ? ?

A pretty young girl was out driving with a bashful young doctor. Wishing to encourage him, she said:

"Oh, Doctor, I don't know what ails me, I feel so blue. Nobody loves me, and my hands are cold."

"You should not say that," was his consoling reply. "For God loves you, and your mother loves you, and you can sit on your hands."

IMPROVED.

DOCTOR—Well, Joseph, how are you now?

JOSEPH—Thankee, sir, I be better than I were, but I beant as well as I were afore I was as bad as I be now.

A man and a woman accidentally touched each other's feet under the table:

"Secret telegraphy," she said.

"Communion of soles," said he.

The following motto might look well over the door of a hospital:

COME IN PEACE AND DEPART IN PIECES.

Early to bed, and early to rise,

Has made me very healthy;

But, very much to my surprise,

It's never made me wealthy.

Don't give a damn, keep it.

Some time ago the keeper of a museum was engaged in placing some new curios that had just arrived from Egypt, when he noticed a perplexed look on the face of his assistant.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Yes," answered the assistant; "here is a small tablet, upon which the characters are so badly traced that it is indecipherable."

"Let me see," said the keeper, examining the curio. "Just put it in that case, and call it a doctor's prescription in the time of Pharoah."

NO RELIGIOUS AFFILIATIONS.

Freshman, showing his folks around the town: "This is the University Hospital."

"Is it allopathic or homeopathic?"

"Why-er, I think it's non-sectarian."

GOOD ADVICE.

PROFESSOR—Heat prostrations are said to be due to the reduction by high temperature of the salts of the body.

SOPHOMORE—One should never get too fresh.

Drugs as well as diseases get their share of mangling:
 "Mother wants five-cents' worth of glory divine," said a little girl.
 "We don't keep that," said the druggist.
 "Oh, yes, you do," said the little girl. "We've got it here before, mother puts it down the drain pipes."
 Then the druggist knew she meant chloride of lime.

Corrosive sublimate has masqueraded as grocer's supplement: Scott's Emulsion, as Scotch emotion; Belladonna Plaster, as Bernard Donald's plaster; phosphorus paste, as prosperous paste; paregoric, as Paddy's glory, and Bengers Food, as vengeance food; while a girl attributed her recovery to the "God deliver all," she had taken, meaning cod-liver oil.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

PATIENT—Why-er, I'd like to consult you about my utter loss of memory.
 DOCTOR—Ah, yes. But in cases of this nature, I always require my fee in advance.

ALL INVITED.

The chemistry department has established a refreshment counter.
 All sodas and sundaes, 10 cents.
 Slacked lime phosphate, Caustic soda, Javelle water, "Creosote Shake," "Grape-sugar-limonite," Lime water, "Caoutchouc Chew."
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A PAINFUL TASK?—THE DOCTOR THINKS.

"Why the sad eyes, my friend?"
 "I'm recovering from a painful operation."
 "Do tell?"
 "Yes, the doctor just took ten bones out of my hand."

SYMPATHY OR PRUDENCE?

CONVALESCING PATIENT—Doctor, I would like you to send me your bill.
 SYMPATHETIC PHYSICIAN—Wait until you are stronger.

MEDICO-LEGAL EXPERTS, TAKE NOTICE.

PROFESSOR—What is the difference between men's skulls and women's skulls?
 SOPHOMORE—The female skull has more jaw.

?

"I say, Doctor, did you ever doctor another doctor?"
 "Oh, yes," answered the Doctor.
 "Well, tell me this, does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctoring doctor doctor the other doctor in his own way?"

JUST ENOUGH FOR A NEW START.

"Didn't I limit you to one moderate drink a day?" asked the doctor, angrily.
 "Don't say a word, Doc.," moaned the intoxicated patient. "It was all on account of that fellow Dan Gillis. After I had refused the second round, Dan says,

'Jim, me boy, what's the use in waitin', why not take the drink you was goin' to have tomorrow, now, wid us?' "

"Well, Doc., you see, when we quits, I'd used up all but a couple of days of me fourth week."

SKILLFUL TREATMENT.

"My wife was very sick the other night and I thought she was going to die. She moaned and groaned and tossed about and kicked all the covers off her."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I put the covers back on her, and she recovered."

NEW DEGREE.

PERCY—What degree did your brother get at college?

HAROLD—S. S.

PERCY—Never heard of such a degree.

HAROLD—Oh yes, you have. Short Stop."

BAD NEWS.

Once upon a mid-night dreary,
Sat a Freshman weak and weary,
In a dream.
In his hand a letter cheery,
"Your tuition, due now, deary,"
From the Dean.

THAT DOESN'T COUNT.

He who vivisects the dog,
She with her tongue be-labors,
But she will gossip all day long,
And vivisect her neighbors.

DROP FOR DROP.

An Irishman at work on a building missed his footing and fell from the sixth floor to the cellar. He was picked up unconscious and a doctor sent for, who decided that he had broken no bones and had only been knocked senseless. As he came to, the doctor was holding a glass of water to his lips.

"Phat th' devil happened," he asked. "Did the building fall?"

"No, but you did," replied the doctor, "and you had a very narrow escape."

"Phat's that you're givin' me ter drink?" asked Pat.

"Water, to revive you," replied the doctor.

"Givin' me water after fallin' six stories," said Pat in disgust. "In Hivin's name, how far would I have to fall to git a drink of whiskey?"

THE POINT OF VIEW.

A good undertaker, who does business up in a small town of West Virginia, met the district doctor one day, and mechanically inquired about the public health in that neighborhood.

"It is remarkably good," replied the doctor, with something of the pride of a creator. "There is really no sickness in the town."

"I hear the same complaint from San Francisco," said the undertaker, sighing.

PROBABLY.

It has been lately discovered that the human body contains a large amount of sulphur. Doubtless, that's why some girls make such good matches.

CONSOLATION.

PROFESSOR—The average American girl is poorly educated.

SWEET GIRL—You think so?

PROFESSOR—Yes, but there is one consolation, the average American boy will not find it out.

WILLINGLY?

Speaking of getting a tooth pulled, that is one instance where a man is going to stay and see the thing out.

EXERCISE.

KIND OLD LADY—What caused you to become a tramp?

WEARY WILLY—The family doctor, lady; he advised me to take long walks after meals, and I've been walkin' after 'em ever since.

AN INCENTIVE.

"Is the doctor taking a proper interest in your case?"

"I think he's doing his best. I told him there was nobody to pay his bill unless I got well."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Northern school teacher was spending her vacation down South, and as she was passing a tumble-down shanty, she heard an old negress call to a child:

"Exy—you Exy, come heah, chile."

"That seems like a peculiar name for a child, Auntie," said the teacher.

"Dat ain't her full name," answered the mother with pride; "dat's jest de pet name I calls her fo' short. It's a mighty gran' name what dat chile's got, because I done picked it out'n a medical book. Dat chile's full name am 'Eczema.'"

KNOWLEDGE COMES?

The following are a few answers given during an examination:

The tropic of cancer is a painful incurable disease.

In Druid Hill Park, the law of gravity is twelve miles an hour.

Gastronomy is the study of the stars and heavenly lights.

Quinine is the bark of a tree, canine is the bark of a dog.

The appendix is the part of a book for which no one has ever yet discovered a use.

James I. claimed the throne of England through his grandmother because he had no father.

Monarchy is the state in which man has but one wife.

Romulus and Remus were a couple of Siamese twins who made Rome howl.

Joan of Arc was the wife of Noah.

Julius Cæsar had a cadaverous appetite, and before he died he "et tu brute(s)."

PRELIMINARY.

MABEL—But have you decided on a profession, Clarence?

CLARENCE—Well—I've had my beard trimmed to become a doctor.

BY ADDITION.

A student wrote home to his father:

"Dear Father: I made a hundred on my anatomy and physiology examinations, this year."

Dr. Lockwood's card gave the following returns: Anatomy, 50; Physiology, 50.

A NEW TRIFLE.

"Goodbye, Doctor," said the Senior in cap and gown, "I shall always remember you kindly, for to you I am indebted for all I know."

"Say no more," replied the Doctor. "Such a trifle is not worthy of a thought, I assure you."

NOT HER AUNTIE.

A little girl went to the drug store for some pills: "Anti-bilious?" asked the clerk. "No, sir, it's my uncle," she replied.

SYMPTOMS AND DIAGNOSIS.

I had an appointment with the doctor the other day. He was late in getting to his office. He said he had been operating on a man. I said, "What for?" He said, "Three hundred dollars." I said, "What did he have?" He said, "Three hundred dollars." I said, "Doctor, what is it that makes me look so bad?" He said, "Your eyes." I said, "I certainly suffer terribly with them." He replied, "You would suffer a good deal more without them." I said, "Doctor, there is something wrong with my hair, it keeps coming out, if it keeps on I will soon be bald." He said, "If it keeps on, you will never be bald." I said, "Doctor, I would like to know what ails me, I sleep well, I eat well, and I feel well, but I don't want to work." He said, "You have the Policeman's Malaria."

THE IDEA!

"Madame," said the Doctor, "what you need is more exercise, why don't you go out and walk four or five miles every day?"

"And have people think we have had to sell our automobile? I guess not."

HOW HEARTLESS!

FRANK—Your father was a doctor, wasn't he?

JULIA—He was a good one, too.

FRANK—Yes, he saved my life once, I sent for him and he didn't come.

HEREAFTER, PERHAPS.

BYSTANDER—Doctor, what do you think of this man's injuries?

DOCTOR—Two of them are fatal, as for the rest, time alone can tell.

To the Clinic Board



OUR and fifteen less than a score of years ago, our Class brought forth in this College a new "Clinic Board," conceived in good fellowship and delegated to the proposition of disproving the fact that all year books are created equal.

Now we are engaged in our Ninth Annual publication, testing whether this CLINIC Board, or any board so conceived or so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great threshold of that event. We are met to dedicate a portion of the work as the final resting place to those members of our Class who here gave their social, moral and financial support, that *that* CLINIC Board might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate this work. Our preceding CLINIC Boards, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. Our classmates will little note nor long remember what we say here, but they can never forget the manifold happy years of student life spent here. It is for us, the present CLINIC Board rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that previous boards have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored boards we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave their full measure of devotion.

That we here highly resolve that the 1916 Class shall not have worked in vain. That this Board under the Editor-in-Chief shall have a new birth of activity, and that Board of the Class by the Class and for the Class of 1916 shall not perish from the earth.

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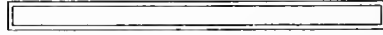
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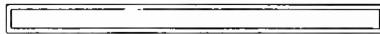
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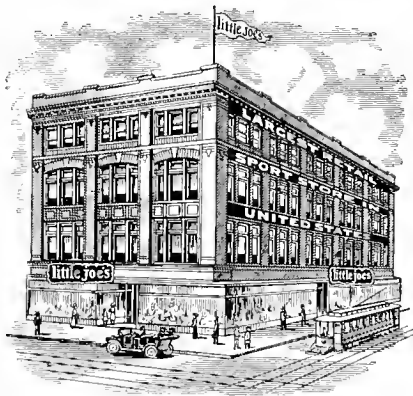
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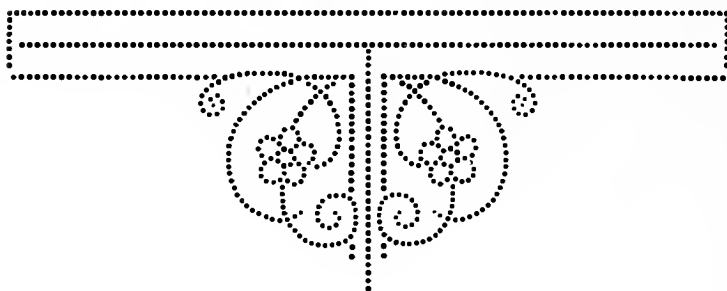
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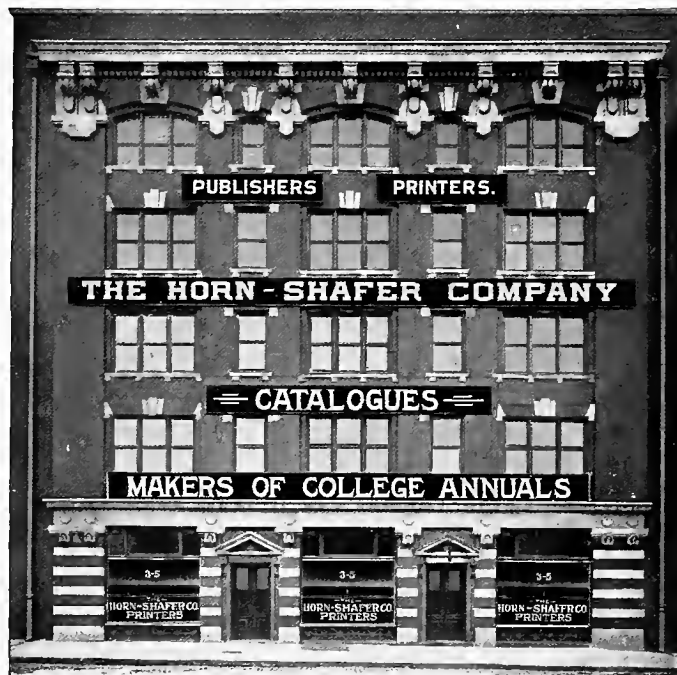
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